Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

TWENTY CENTS MARCH 10, 1951

No Essays, Please!

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

(See page 18)

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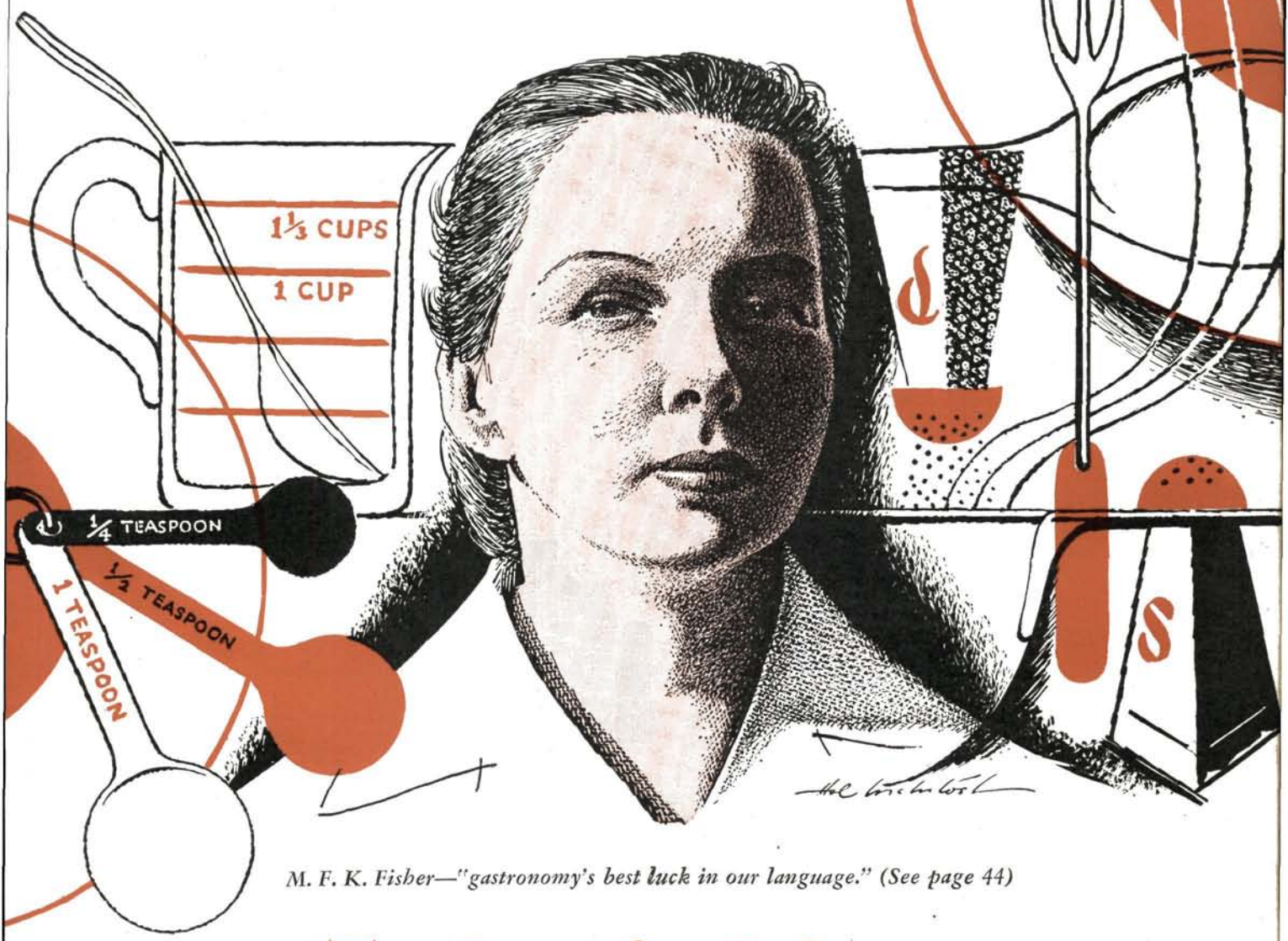

M. F. K. Fisher—"gastronomy's best luck in our language." *(See page 44)*

Too Late for Calumny

An Open Letter to Konstantin Simonov

By MAURICE HINDUS

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March 10, 1951

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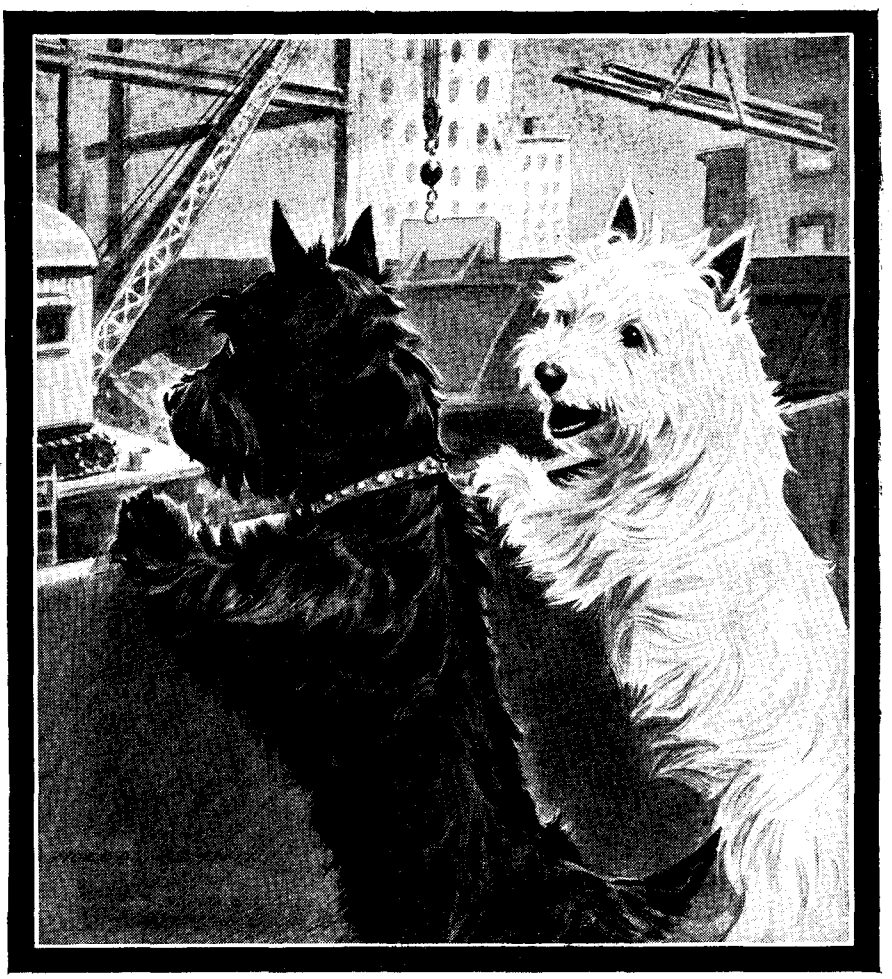

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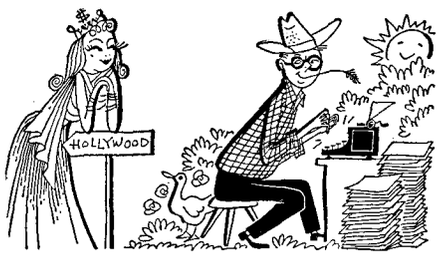
TRADE Winds

FOR YEARS successful playwrights and opulent scriveners of screen masterpieces have assured their friends, "Some day I'm going to get out of this rat-race, buy me a little farm in Connecticut, and write some really good novels." One of the few authors I know who actually carried this threat into execution is Percival Wilde. For over twenty-five years he has not



only resolutely kept a promise never to set foot in Hollywood but eschewed even his old haunts on Broadway and lived serenely and well on his estate in Sharon — a gentleman farmer, philosopher, author of over one hundred-and-twenty-five successful one-act plays and four full-length dramas produced on Broadway, and occasional writer of superior detective stories. His correspondence-school detective, P. Moran, for instance, who is never right, is one of the most refreshing creations in whodunit literature. Mr. Wilde credits it all to his removal from city distractions. "I thought the change would be as difficult as nailing jelly to the wall," he laughs. "Actually there was nothing to it."

When an ambitious youngster in the neighborhood completes a manuscript Mr. Wilde always finds time to read and criticize it. One conceited aspirant proved too much for him, however. "You remind me," he told the young hopeful, "of the time a world-famous author came to this part of Connecticut with a pretty girl a third his age. My wife introduced the pair at the bathing club, whose members disapproved volubly. My wife remarked, 'My husband says he is an immortal.' 'Hmpfhh!' snorted the president of the club. 'Take one letter out of that word.'" He told another aspirant, "Your novel is like a chorus girl's skirt. It touches everything but covers nothing."

"Authors—and even actresses—get no special adulation in Sharon," says Wilde. "They must win friends on their merits like anybody else. The really important ones prefer it that way. Reminds me of a meeting of the American Dramatists' and Composers' Guild years ago when a pretty girl confused Augustus Thomas, who wrote 'Arizona' and 'The Witching Hour,' with A. E. Thomas, the author of 'Just Suppose' and 'No More Ladies.' The girl who had erred apologized, 'I hope you'll forgive my mistaking you for an author!'"

Another member of the Dramatists for whom Wilde cherishes fond memories was Victor Herbert. Wilde became, in fact, a virtual understudy to the composer. Every time Herbert debated a motion he would gradually wax more and more furious, and his voice would become shriller. Finally he would lose the power of speech altogether, whereupon he would slap Wilde on the back and sit down. Wilde would then continue Victor Herbert's argument from the precise point at which he had dropped it, while Herbert, mopping his brow, would nod violent approval. "When George M. Cohan wrote 'Over There,'" adds Mr. Wilde, "Victor Herbert's comment was, 'If anybody had told me that a man could create an immortal song beginning with a bugle-call repeated five times I would not have believed it.'"

When Mr. Wilde's son Roger was eight (he's with Dumont Television today) he discovered that one of his father's plays was going to be performed by an amateur group nearby and persuaded his parents to take him to see it. It was his first play. When the performance—a wretched one—was concluded Mr. Wilde asked his

son, "How did you like it?" "It was wonderful," enthused Roger, "but I would have liked it better if somebody had been killed." Mr. Wilde muttered under his breath. "I would have liked it better if *everybody* had been killed." Maybe it was this episode that inspired him actually to write his first murder story. Possibly, however, the impulse was supplied by his other son, who devoured so many gory mystery tales after school that when Wilde persuaded him to read the New Testament he turned to the last page first to see "who done it."

Percival Wilde has done a great deal of public speaking. After one talk before a club of women writers a member suggested, "Do tell us some stories of the days when you were just a struggling author." Wilde replied severely, "I know only two kinds of authors: those who struggle and those who have given up the struggle."

AMONG THE PUN-DITS: At the conclusion of a brief discourse by Clifton Fadiman on the life of an old Turkish despot John Gunther asked, "Kip, are you shah of your facts?" Fadiman snapped, "Sultanly." . . . Five-year-old Wylie O'Hara upon being introduced to a patched-up little girl from Montgomery began warbling, "She Came from Alabamy with a Band-Aid on Her Knee." . . . Charles Poore concluded a scathing review of a French art book by admitting, "I speak more in Seurat than Ingres." . . . A publisher who had lost his shirt on a succession of unsuccessful first novels complained, "I'm suffering heavily from new-writus." . . . In "Baghdad 1951" Herb Caen tells about a café in San Francisco where there is a mynah bird that is supposed to talk a blue streak but seldom obliges. The proprietor excuses it by pointing out, "That bird is just obeying the law. After all, this is a bar. No mynahs aloud." . . . In Sun Valley a distinguished professor tried desperately to learn to ski but on his very first attempt unaided described a hitherto unbelievable flip-flop in mid-air and landed head first in a snow bank. "Wow," exclaimed one onlooker, "I bet he couldn't make a diagram of that fall on the blackboard." "Don't underestimate him," warned novelist Clare Jaynes. "He's got a Phi Beta Kappa ski." . . . This one reaches me via an involved but star-studded route: Dorothy Parker told it to Woollcott who told it to Frank Sullivan who has just told it to me. In a discussion of Verlaine and his shall-we-say unconventional ways Miss Parker summed up with: "The trouble with Verlaine was he was always chasing Rimbauds." . . . Joe Jackson thinks those photographs of California professors signing loyalty oaths might be called fealty pictures.

A PERSISTENT SALESMAN of accident insurance sneaked past all the barriers to my private office the other day and brought to mind a long-forgotten routine of those wonderful comedians Weber and Fields. Weber was trying to sell an accident policy to an obdurate Fields. "Vot do I vant mit nonsense like dot?" grumbled Fields. "I nefer had an accident in my life." "Our friend Schmidt made der same

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BY Jere Wheelwright

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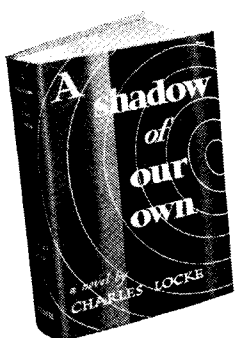
A shadow of our own

BY CHARLES LOCKE



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boast," declared Weber, "but I sold him a ten-thousand-dollar policy anyway. Der very next day, mind you, Schmidt got run ofer and had both arms und legs cut off." "I know," scoffed Fields, "but Schmidt was vun of der lucky vuns." . . . One insurance agent found business so bad he changed his profession and opened a private detective agency. For the first ten days he achieved even less success as a sleuth than Percy Wilde's "P. Moran." On the eleventh morning, however, he was sitting in his office, guzzling scotch and picking his nails with a gat in the best Dash Hammett tradition, when a woman stalked in, flung a hundred-dollar bill on the desk, and launched into a tirade against her husband. "He's taken up with a blonde hussy," she asserted, "and I'm not going to let him get away with it." The private dick managed to look inscrutable and asked, "What do you want me to do for you?" "I want my husband and that hussy followed twenty-four hours a day," snapped the visitor, "and then I want you to come and tell me what on earth she sees in him." —BENNETT CERF.

Tame Cottontail

By Ethel Jacobson

RABBIT, did you mind?
Was I unkind
To pick you up in the winter wood
Where you stood
Beneath the snowy tree,
Your forepaws at your breast,
Looking at me?

A starved baby, lost,
Whiskers stiff with frost,
Home you came to my sky-high warren,
Frightening, foreign
To the forest-born—but, Rabbit,
How swiftly you put on your jaunty
City habit!

Sleek now, and fat,
You view my flat
With bright proprietary eyes,
Content with plaster skies,
Your carrot cache,
The ice cream you beg from my plate,
And the bed you chose—the hassock pulled close
To the grate.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Too Late for Calumny

An Open Letter to Konstantin Simonov

MAURICE HINDUS

—*Editta Sherman.*
Maurice Hindus

I HAVE been following closely the letters you, Konstantin Simonov, your compatriot Ilya Ehrenburg, and the British novelist J. B. Priestley have been exchanging in the press of Russia and Great Britain. The correspondence began early last spring, as you will remember, when Mr. Ehrenburg addressed an open letter to a number of leading Western writers, appealing to them to sign the so-called Stockholm Resolution, which calls for the unconditional prohibition of use of the atomic weapon, the establishment of strict international enforcement of this prohibition, and the branding as a war criminal of the government which first uses the atomic weapon against another.

One of the writers Mr. Ehrenburg addressed by name was J. B. Priestley. In a reply published in the London *New Statesman and Nation*, Mr. Priestley cast doubt upon the sincerity of the sponsors of the Resolution and of Ehrenburg himself. "Let me hear you or your colleagues openly denouncing the size of the Red Army, the creation of huge submarine fleets, the work on bombs and rockets and other horrors, the building of a large police force in Germany, the rigid barriers between East and West, and the heaping up of lying propaganda between hundreds of millions of folks who want to live in peace."

This was where you came in, my dear Simonov. You professed in a lengthy screed to answer Priestley, but you dismissed the questions he asked as "threadbare slanders" which "it would be a waste of time to discuss." Your letter bristles with false and misleading accusations. You say that Priestley "dares to come out against peace," when in fact he demonstrates his devotion to that cause again and again.

In its entirety your letter is an astounding document to come from a man who as editor of the Moscow *Literary Gazette* wields enormous influence with the Russian reading public. It reveals clearly and dramatically the immeasurable gulf you Soviet writers since the war have deliberately dug between yourselves and the writers of the outside world. It does much more: it reveals why the whole world is getting ever closer to the day when it may not have time to choose between life and death—your country, too, Mr. Simonov, at least as much as mine.

Mr. Priestley and other Western writers like myself have good reason to be skeptical about your sincerity in advocating the Stockholm Resolution. It calls for a ban on a weapon in which your country is deficient—the atomic bomb—but says nothing about a ban on tanks, artillery, infantry, and cavalry, in which your country is more mighty than all Western nations combined. If you Soviet writers hate bloodshed as desperately as you profess, why is the Stockholm Resolution so silent on the weapons of death in which your country is supreme? This question bothers a lot of people in the Western world, including the best friends your country has ever had.

Do not for a moment imagine that the people of America and Great Britain are happy about the atomic bomb. Millions of us have read John Hersey's poignant tale of Hiroshima and have been more broken-hearted about it than you Soviet writers. Some of us wish the bomb had never been invented, and I know not a single British or American writer who does not hope with all his heart that it will never be used anywhere in the world. Nothing would cheer us more if all arms were scrapped forever.

YOUR illustrious Academician Eugene Tarle made some startling observations on Hiroshima in the course of a personal peace appeal to "Academicians, Professors, Scientific Workers in the Universities of Paris, Norway, and Algeria," published last July in the Government-controlled *Pravda*. He asserts that in August 1945, presumably in Russia, there were some who "firmly declared that the annihilation by American bombs of thousands of women and children in Hiroshima . . . had no military significance, was in reality more abominable than any of Hitler's atrocities."

Who were these individuals? Why does not your learned academician mention them by name, if only for the historical record? All I know is that Joseph Stalin was *not* one of them. When President Truman confided to him in Potsdam that America had the atomic bomb did he urge the American President to scrap it? Did he in his indignation scorch Truman with invective for planning to use it? He did none of these "humane" things.

Here is what James Byrnes, then

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Secretary of State, says about it in his "Speaking Frankly," a book which the Russian public will never be permitted to read. When the President "had told the Generalissimo that after long experimentation we had developed a new bomb, far more destructive than any other known bomb, and that we planned to use it very soon unless Japan surrendered Stalin's only reply was to say that he was glad to hear it and *hoped we would use it.*" (Italics mine.)

Not even Tarle can expunge from the record the fact that the bomb was dropped on Hiroshima with the consent of Joseph Stalin.

On one statement in your letter, Mr. Simonov, you and I are in complete agreement: there is nothing your people yearn for more than peace. Consider the history of your people since 1914: World War I, civil war, famine, liquidation of kulaks, famine again, big purge, war with Finland, World War II. At a conservative estimate the toll is thirty-five million lives, almost the total population of France, three times the entire population of Canada.

Yet had you Soviet writers deliberately set out to inflame the spirit of war in the world you couldn't have been more brilliantly successful. What have any of you Soviet writers actually done to stem the flood of lies and hate that daily pours into your press and roars out of your radio against one country after another and particularly against America? Didn't your Generalissimo declare during the war years that to fight the enemy you must hate him? If this is so—and surely you wouldn't question the Generalissimo's words—then what are your daily hate sermons in the Soviet press and on the Soviet radio but preparation for war, indeed weapons of war.

Consider a few characteristic salvos you Russian writers have been firing of late in your campaign of hatred and prevarication against the West. Last July *Izvestia* printed an article by Dmitri Shostakovich in which he excoriated a group of Western writers, among them Upton Sinclair and John Steinbeck, both hitherto as highly regarded in your country as in their own. Shostakovich declared that Sinclair is a man "without honor," that he has deserted his people and is "burying the culture of his people."

Yet for over a generation no other living foreign writer was so enthusiastically read in your country as Upton Sinclair. Of no other living author did your young people, even in remote Siberian villages, ask me so many eager questions in the course of my travels through your country. When Konstantin Fadeyev, a Russian patriot if there ever was one, came to New York on a "peace mission" he paid Sinclair the tribute of including him in his own list of "the finest writers in the capitalist world," who with others "had become friends of the Soviet Union." That was in 1948. But the Communist coup in Czechoslovakia climaxed Sinclair's disillusionment with Moscow's Socialism, and he committed the unpardonable sin of saying so. So now Shostakovich curses him as does your *Literary Gazette*, which brands him a "Wall Street lackey."

SHOSTAKOVICH castigates John Steinbeck even more savagely than he does Sinclair. "From the writer who at one time could think," roars Dmitri, "has come a book, 'Bombs Down.' . . . He has performed a leap from the camp of progress and love of humanity into the camp of unabashed reaction, barbarism, and cannibalism."

As I read this I found it hard to imagine Steinbeck, who writes so tenderly not only of human beings but of all living things, even dreaming of visiting death on anybody and anything. So I wrote to his publisher for an explanation. Here is the reply I received from the Viking Press:

"Insofar as this has any relation to the truth the phrase 'Bombs Down' is evidently a reference to Steinbeck's book 'Bombs Away,' the story of a bomber-team, which was written as a contribution to the war effort—at just about the time of Stalingrad — and published in 1942 for the benefit of the Army Air Forces Aid Society. If *Izvestia* has managed to distort this into a charge that Steinbeck advocates atom bombs on Russia it is as far fetched as any of the monstrosities they have produced. It is particularly ironic in view of Steinbeck's very tolerant 'Russian Journal' published in 1948."

Your theatre is helping to wage the war of hatred, too, Mr. Simonov. Back in 1932 Konstantin Stanislavsky wrote: "In our country the theatre has no right to lie." But now day after day you Soviet playwrights churn out play after play in which you thunder abuse against the West. Even Nikolau Pogodin, author of "Tempo," has succumbed to the passion of the day. I remember "Tempo" vividly, for I saw it several times in the Vachtangov Theatre in Moscow. The hero of the play is an American engineer named Carter, whose real-life prototype was Jack Calder, a Ford engineer engaged by your Government to supervise the construction of the Stalingrad tractor plant. Calder acquitted his task with such brilliance and speed that in appreciation of his services your Government paid him a high premium in American dollars. Now, of course, it would be cosmopolitanism and treason to mention Jack Calder's name in connection with the Stalingrad tractor plant. Later, without ever having been in America, knowing nothing about America, Pogodin comes along with a play called "Missouri Waltz" as his own special offering to the "Hate America" crusade. Can you imagine Chekhov or Griboyedov or Gogol or Ostrovsky or any of the other Russian playwrights of the past doing this sort of thing?

That these theatre sermons are somewhat less then completely convincing I gather from your own *Literary Gazette*, which scolds playwrights for not being tough enough with America: "We should portray the enemy in a manner that would excite in the audience a feeling of hatred against him, actual and active."

Let me give you another instance of the lies your present campaign is leading you to utter, Mr. Simonov. At dinner in Teheran on the evening of November 30, 1943, Joseph Stalin in the course of his toast to President Roosevelt

—*SRL Cover Drawing by Frances O'Brien* [*1945*].

Konstantin Simonov—"immeasurable gulf deliberately dug."

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—*Burch in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Extra—Extra—Read All About Me!"

Scott Long in the Minneapolis Tribune.

"Crocodile Tears from a Bear."

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Written in Blood."

said that without American production the Allies could not have won the war. Subsequently on May 27, 1945, the late Harry Hopkins had a conference with Stalin in the Kremlin. In his book "Roosevelt and Hopkins" Robert Sherwood quotes the following from Hopkins's abstract of the conversation with Stalin: "Not only in this war," the Generalissimo had said, "but the previous war had shown that without U. S. intervention Germany couldn't have been defeated."

But what are you "peace-lovers" in Russia saying now? You are boasting that you won the war singlehanded and that America and Britain had actually plotted to betray your heroic people to the enemy! In your *Literary Gazette* of last July 16 under the headline "Six-Legged Ambassadors of Wall Street" a certain Genandi Fish, supposedly a writer on science, makes the sensational charge that through its shipments of lend-lease supplies America conspired to smuggle into your country "Western" insects, weeds, and plant diseases and that only the "vigilance" of Soviet scientists frustrated this cunning effort of America to infest your agriculture with pests that your fields had never known.

Why, Mr. Simonov, did you wait until July 16, 1950, to blaze this sensational accusation in your paper? Why did Stalin never breathe a word about it to Truman, Hopkins, or Ambassador Harriman or at least hint at the plot to ruin Soviet agriculture in one of his letters to American or British correspondents? Why did Stalin consent to shipments of UNRRA foods after the lend-lease supplies had stopped despite his protests? Did he conspire with "Wall Street beasts" to bring new pests to your wheat fields, corn fields, sunflower fields?

Your purpose in printing this absurd untruth, which logically implies a libel against the Generalissimo, can only be to kill the boundless admiration your people have always cherished for America and to supplant it with a fiery hatred of everything American. Your Generalissimo once told Soviet writers that they are "engineers of the soul." Engineers indeed! Apostles of hatred and prevarication!

AN editorial in *Pravda* last May 23 boasted eloquently of the unmatched superiority of Russia's health service and simultaneously denounced America's as inferior to any in the whole world. *Pravda*'s editor wrote, "About forty million people in the United States live in regions that have no permanent medical service" —which means no doctor, no trained nurses, no hospitals. But I have in my library a book, "The United States of America," published in Moscow in 1942 by the State Institute of the Soviet Encyclopedia. On page 253 appears the following statement: "In 1935 there was—in the USA—one doctor to every 800 population, but the distribution of medical personnel is unequal. Thus in South Carolina in 1929 there was one physician to every 431 inhabitants, in California one to 571, in New York one to every 621."

Can the Soviet Union, with all the excellence of its health service, match this record? Besides, do you know of any physician in your country who deep in his heart does not cherish the hope—or did until your writers had blazed up your "hate America" campaign—to visit the medical schools at Johns Hopkins or Harvard or the Mayo Clinic for a postgraduate course in his specialty? I have known scores of such Russian doctors, including some of your most celebrated specialists. Some, especially in the Ukraine, even asked me whether there were foundations in America that would pay in part their expenses during their sojourn in an American medical institution. None of them would dare say a word about it now, not with your *Literary Gazette* and *Pravda* ever on the alert to excoriate them as cosmopolitan and even traitors for imagining that there was anything in American medical science that could possibly be superior to or even as good as Muscovite medical science.

Let me remind you, Mr. Simonov, of something Dobrolubov wrote way back in 1858: "The distinguishing feature of a virile and active patriotism is precisely the fact that it precludes all international enmity, and a man who is inspired by such patriotism is ready to work for the whole of mankind." You Soviet writers are bursting with patriotic sentiments. Your articles flame with protestations of your unending love for your *Rodina* (motherland). Indeed, never in all Russian or all human history have writers thundered so much about their patriotism. But one of the tenets of your Russian patriotism is zoological hatred of other nations and particularly of America, whom neither you nor your Generalissimo can forgive her unmatched industrial machine. How well Goebbels would understand your concept of patriotism and how loudly he would applaud it—Goebbels but not the Belinsky who from his deathbed in Salzbrunn wrote his letter to Gogol, mercilessly flaying him for becoming an "apostle of ignorance, a champion of obscurantism and Stygian darkness, a panegyrist of Tartar morals."

The purpose of all your lies and fables about America, Mr. Simonov, can only be to rouse hatred in your people against a country which has always roused their imagination and which they have always admired. But I know that your people are too humane to be the haters you would make them into. They are, in fact, among

(*Continued on page* 41)

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Personal History.

Biography, usually one of literature's most alluring jewels, lost much of its sparkle with the passing of Lytton Strachey and his followers. In recent years the form has been kept from becoming completely lackluster by such women as Catherine Drinker Bowen, Marchette Chute, and Esther Forbes. Now happily comes a new British woman writer, Cecil Woodham-Smith, whose rare combination of scholarly and literary talent has resulted in the excellent biography of Florence Nightingale reviewed below. The American biographer David Loth claims a place among the best practitioners of the art with "The People's General," a vivid portrait of the romantic Lafayette. . . . An influential radio commentator (H. V. Kaltenborn), a former diplomat (James W. Gerard), and a fabulous newspaper sob sister (Florabel Muir) each tell their stories in highly personal ways in other books reviewed in the following pages.

Cecil Woodham-Smith—"the woman whole."

Light on the Lady with the Lamp

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. By Cecil Woodham-Smith. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. 382 pp. $4.50.

By Marchette Chute

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is not an easy subject for a biography. As with that other ruthless genius, Joan of Arc, her life is clear enough in its details but the living woman has been smothered by the legend. No one has yet rescued Joan of Arc, but an English biographer has at last rescued Florence Nightingale.

Cecil Woodham-Smith has had no previous experience in writing biography, but she brought to the problem a combination of intense interest and brilliant common sense. She was given access to a great many private papers never before published, and she used them with tact and intelligence, supplementing this material with a thorough knowledge of the War Office, the Crimea, and the background of the Victorian Age. The result is that very rare thing in the field of biography, a completely satisfactory piece of work.

It is one of Mrs. Woodham-Smith's virtues that she does not underestimate the Victorians, who were much livelier and more unpredictable than their grandchildren have been willing to admit. In that sense Florence Nightingale was a true Victorian, and for once she has been set against her real background.

Another of this biographer's virtues is that she is in full sympathy with her remarkable subject but not overwhelmed by her, and her friendly, steady portrait sees the woman whole. She does not gloss over Miss Nightingale's occasional cruelty—the brutal myopia of genius—any more than she underestimates her gallantry, her brilliant administrative powers, or her compassion. She even manages to convey Miss Nightingale's blunt, lively sense of humor, having something of the same quality herself.

Florence Nightingale was born into what her age would call elegant surroundings—her own idea of a small house was one with fifteen bedrooms. She was a pretty, lively, popular girl and on the surface she fitted charmingly into her background. In reality she was a moody, passionate human being who was being slowly choked by her cotton-wool existence. She was the true heir of her grandfather, who had fought for nearly half a century for the rights of Negroes and workers and Jews; but young Miss Nightingale was a lady and therefore damned to a life of "endless tweedling."

She nearly destroyed herself in a blind, underground struggle before she found her true vocation and when she had found it she nearly wrecked her family. Nursing was done by drunks not by gentlewomen, and the battle she fought with her mother and sister on the subject was the forerunner of a series of major conflicts.

Florence Nightingale spent all her life in warfare. She fought for reforms in nursing, in the War Office, and in the Government of India, conducting her campaigns with a kind of agonized patience and raging only in private. Her ideas were so simple and practical that they were deeply upsetting to the official mind, and in a sense her long life was the history of failure. Yet if she lost the battles she won the war, and when she died in 1910, ninety years old, the mental weather of England had changed completely.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith does not make the mistake of treating the Crimea as the climax of Florence Nightingale's life. In that sickening disaster the background was more dramatic and the issues more sharply defined, but the rest of the story is equally heroic. Nor does the pace of the narrative slacken, partly because of the relaxed skill of the storytelling and partly because the people involved are so interesting.

Mrs. Woodham-Smith has the art of a good novelist and she has brought the people of that crowded century back to life. There is Dr. John Hall opposing the use of chloroform because "the smart use of the knife" was an excellent stimulant to a dying soldier and Dr. Andrew Smith being comfortably jocose with what he conceived to be the weaker sex. There is the affronted Nightingale nurse who could endure the horrors of the Crimea but not an unbecoming cap—"There are some things, ma'am, one can't submit to." There is Sir George Lewis trying to placate Miss Nightingale with a Greek version of Humpty Dumpty and Dr. Sutherland, in temporary disgrace with her, inquiring anxiously, "Will she swear?" They are all here, even down to the pet owl who traveled in her pocket.

Like a good novel, the book is full of life; and dominating it all is the complex, brilliant, dedicated woman who fascinated both her friends and her foes. She will fascinate the reader also, now that she has been freed to come back as her real self, in her habit as she lived.

It would be difficult to praise "Florence Nightingale" too highly. It is a magnificent biography.

Marchette Chute is the author of "Shakespeare of London," "Geoffrey Chaucer of England," and other biographical works.

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The Case for Lafayette

THE PEOPLE'S GENERAL. By David Loth. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 320 *pp.* $3.50.

By Leo Gershoy

LAFAYETTE'S life was packed with thrills and adventure. For more than half a century there was enough of war, revolution, romance, fierce political strife, travel, and prison to satisfy half a dozen ordinary individuals and to conform even to the most rigorous standards of Hollywood. Where it ceased being personal to become public, or vice versa, is hard to say, though David Loth indicates by his subtitle that he is dealing with "the personal story." For the greater part of the story there is ample and solid documentation.

It required considerable self-confidence and long experience with the blue pencil to attempt to pack these details into slightly more than 300 pages and not lose their excitement. Judging by the product before us the calculated literary risk was worth taking. Mr. Loth's latest biography has a lively, colorful style to commend it, a quick-paced narrative, and many moments of dramatic intensity. To the reader it gives most of what he needs by way of orientation together with an appraisal of Layfayette's personality and importance, which it is not likely all readers will accept in its entirety or with full approval.

On one point agreement should be general: that Lafayette is at long last treated as a real human being and not a papier-mâché hero. While the author does not exactly think ill of him, he remains happily well to this side of idolatry and succeeds in disposing effectively of the conventional picture of a wealthy young French aristocrat inspired by noble idealism and high altruism, sacrificing an assured future in his own country and rushing overseas to serve freedom and humanity under the leadership of General Washington. Dissatisfied, restless, and unhappy in France, Lafayette went abroad to court glory, and fame rushed out to embrace him.

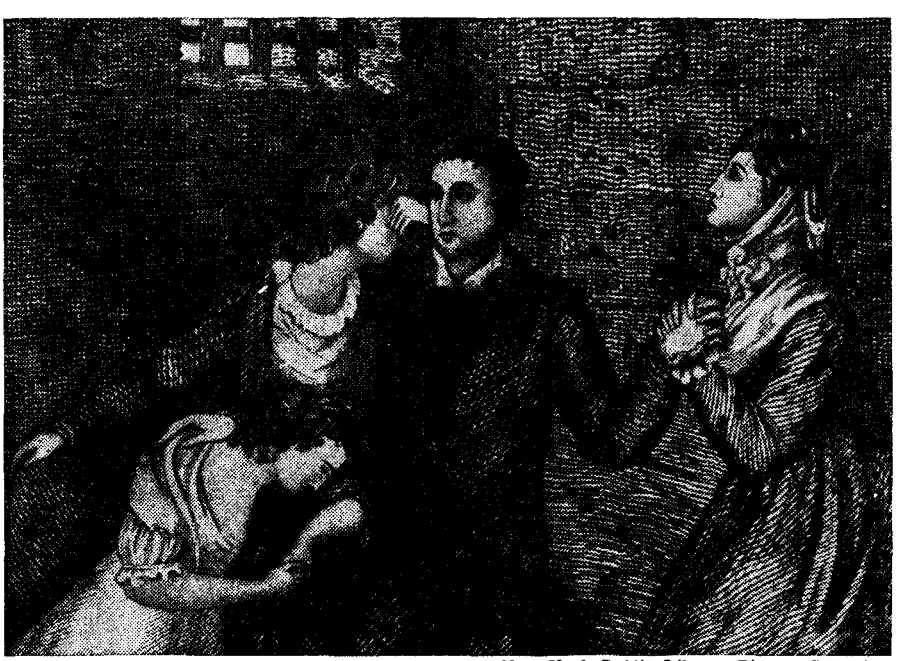
Beginning with the American adventure, where Mr. Loth makes good use of the extensive researches of Professor Louis Gottschalk—an indebtedness that he handsomely acknowledges in his preface—the author traces Lafayette's long and exciting career on both sides of the Atlantic. In passing he does not omit that important part of the personal story which concerned Lafayette's romances.

Mr. Loth is at his best with the American story where he gives a vivid account of the young Marquis's first exposure, under fire, to republicanism and sketches the beginning of Lafayette's fabulous friendship with George Washington. There his knowledge and command of the material are readily visible.

When he gets to Lafayette in the French Revolution his treatment is just as vivid as before, but his insights seem less sharp and his judgment less balanced, possibly because he is less familiar with the terrain or because his guides, who seem from the bibliographical note to be Carlyle and Madelin, are less trustworthy. Lafayette's revolutionary activities were merely suspended in 1789, for after playing an important or at least a dramatic part in the great Revolution he gave a kind of repeat performance forty years later, in 1830. In between he languished less than happily but with much fortitude in an Austrian prison, then displayed his courage again by refusing to get on the band wagon of the victorious Napoleon, who had effected his release, and for fifteen years more kept his faith with revolutionary idealism or its blurred memory by participating in the Parliamentary opposition to the returned Bourbons. In 1824, when he was in his sixty-seventh year, the indestructible old campaigner found the energy to make a final triumphal tour through all the states of his adopted country, receiving from the enthusiastic Americans a rousing and protracted welcome that should have exhausted a more robust and younger man. But Lafayette's devotion to liberty and his love of his second country, buttressed by an insatiable capacity for receiving adulation that time had not diminished, enabled him to surmount the handicaps of age and the exacting demands of his admirers. He died, so to speak, with his republican boots on, even though he had personally aborted a republic that might have been born in the revolution of 1830. For the last four years of his life he persevered in a kind of platonic republicanism that he voiced from the opposition benches in the Chamber of Deputies.

A few inaccuracies here and there in the text might have been caught by more careful proofreading, but there are no serious slips. On the whole Lafayette as a person receives excellent treatment from his biographer. But the evaluation of Lafayette's importance leaves a question or two in the reviewer's mind. In focusing on "the personal story of Lafayette" Mr. Loth presumably wishes to make clear that he is not writing an old-fashioned "life and times" biography. With that decision one can have no quarrel. But where the subject is isolated too much from his background the larger picture of developments becomes refracted and the account somewhat misleading. What Lafayette possessed was courage in a high degree. He had superb self-confidence. Life sobered him without dampening his exuberance. He kept faith with himself and his ideals, even when his actions were least understood. Those were admirable qualities; the case for Lafayette could rest on them.

Leo Gershoy, a member of the history department of New York University, is the author of "The French Revolution and Napoleon" and "From Despotism to Revolution: 1763-1789."



—New York Public Library Picture Collection.

"Lafayette the Prisoner Comforted by His Wife and Daughters."

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Mr. Radio

FIFTY FABULOUS YEARS: 1900-1950. By H. V. Kaltenborn. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 312 pp. $3.50.

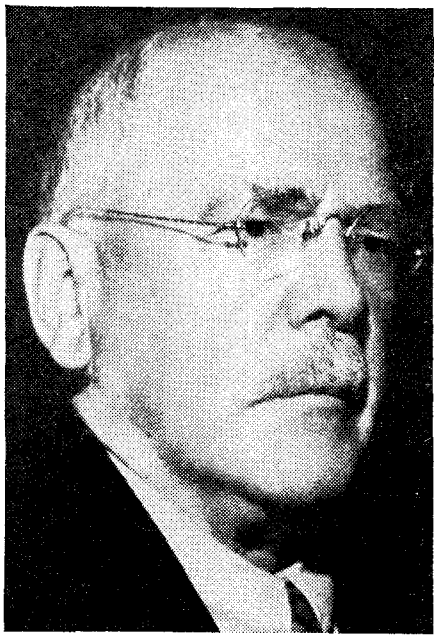
By JOHN T. WINTERICH

"EXTEMPERANEOUS speaking has always come far more easily to me than any kind of writing," says H. V. Kaltenborn early in these memoirs, and the memoirs bear him out. He has a good story to tell and he tells it matter-of-factly, at times stodgily, never vividly, always honestly. That story is best before radio comes into it, and in that earlier period there is considerable room for story. For it comes with something of a shock to learn that Mr. Kaltenborn is in his seventy-third year. Has anyone ever given him the label of Mr. Radio? It is time somebody did.

Kaltenborn opened his window on the world by serving in the Spanish-American War. By no fault of his he got no further than the late Confederate States, but that was another world than Wisconsin. He supplemented his Army pay by serving as correspondent for back-home papers. He then set out for the Paris Exposition of 1900, shipped on a cattle-boat (*de rigueur* for the penniless tourist in those times), saw France and Germany, and returned to Paris, where for several months he supported himself by selling stereoscopes and stereoscopic views from door to door. He missed wealth but learned fluent French. Back home again he got a job on the *Brooklyn Eagle* by submitting a poem. The *Eagle* was his life before radio claimed him and even after.

He got leave to go to Harvard, was inspired by "Copey," and became tutor to Vincent Astor, which involved him in further foreign travel—not on a cattle-boat. He returned to his desk at the *Eagle*, which in 1914 initiated a forum on world affairs. Kaltenborn began his career as an interpreter of current events without benefit of microphone. The Rev. Newel Dwight Hillis thundered from the pulpit of Plymouth Church that the *Eagle* should not have a war editor of German descent. The *Eagle* stood by Kaltenborn. When Roy Howard's premature armistice story broke Kaltenborn refused to credit or print it and thereby scooped the world.

The transition to radio is here recited with far too much casualness—one is in it, in fact, before one realizes it. Kaltenborn's picture of eolithic broadcasting days is pleasant and interesting, and one would like more of it. There was no stop-watch timing—



H. V. Kaltenborn — "a President of the United States was listening in."

—*Lotte Jacobi.*

James W. Gerard—"Tammany was a benevolent society."

one ran short or long and nobody minded. A cough or a sneeze didn't matter—on the contrary it rather humanized the program. If one wanted a studio door shut one yelled to somebody to shut it, and a rapt world heard all.

Since this is a thoroughly honest narrative there is a reference to President Truman's "excellent imitation" of Kaltenborn following the 1948 election. "Such a rare distinction was hardly deserved. One might think I was the only one who had predicted Mr. Truman's defeat." But at least he had had the satisfaction of knowing that a President of the United States was listening in.

Of a Long Life

MY FIRST EIGHTY-THREE YEARS IN AMERICA. By James W. Gerard. New York: Doubleday & Co. 372 pp. $3.50.

By ARTHUR S. LINK

WE HAVE been almost overcome with autobiographies by "fighting liberals," "fighting editors," and the like; but we have had few apologists for the Good Old Days, when ragamuffins became captains of industry and young men of modest means married heiresses. It is high time that some unashamed conservative should write a defense of the past.

Mr. Gerard's defense of the *status quo ante That Man* is, however, rarely eloquent and almost never convincing; and its failure to come off solves at least one minor historical problem—why it was that James W. Gerard never rose above the second level of importance, in spite of his immense wealth and considerable service to the Democratic Party and the people.

Few men have had greater privileges and rarer opportunities for public service than Gerard. Born in 1867 the scion of one of the most distinguished families of New York, he made his own considerable fortune all the more secure when he married the daughter of Marcus Daly, the "Silver King." He moved in the best circles; he did the proper thing by studying law and entering the ancestral law firm. And yet when the great progressive movement, which spawned such leaders as Theodore Roosevelt, Henry L. Stimson, and Franklin Roosevelt, overturned the politics of New York State Gerard was sitting on the sidelines.

The reason for his failure to seize upon one of the greatest political opportunities ever offered to an American is not hard to see after reading this volume. Gerard had no political philosophy that this reviewer can discern. He apparently was not motivated by any impelling desire to serve the people, much less to enter the battle in behalf of various submerged groups, as so many of his contemporaries were doing. As a lawyer and businessman he was undoubtedly conscientious, shrewd, and successful; but in politics he was a dilettante.

All this is evident from his own story. He became a dutiful member of the Tammany organization, a large contributor to its treasury, and in due time a confidant of Charles F. Murphy, its boss. To Gerard Tammany was a benevolent society and Murphy a patriotic and thoroughly honest benefactor. He supported Champ Clark for

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the Democratic nomination in the critical year of 1912. He was a friend and great admirer of William Randolph Hearst. But nowhere do we find him associated, at least before 1920, with any of the great movements aimed at liberalizing the American capitalistic system.

During most of his political career Gerard played a minor role, and had it not been for an historical fluke there would have been no reason for him to write this memoir. When Wilson became President he resolved to end the practice of sending only rich men to the important European capitals. In the case of Germany he failed to persuade the men he wanted to appoint to accept the ambassadorship. More or less in desperation he turned to Gerard, who had been urged upon him by Colonel House and the New York leaders.

The outbreak of the war in Europe, to be sure, changed the course of history and gave to Gerard in Berlin a position of unusual importance. Thus what he says about his experience there should constitute the most important part of his story. Unfortunately he says little that he had not already said in "My Four Years in Germany" and adds nothing to our knowledge of the diplomacy of the period. This reviewer has the feeling that Gerard has not been altogether candid in his account. We know, for example, from the letters he wrote to House, Wilson, Bryan, and Lansing that Gerard confidently expected the Germans to win and counseled acquiescence in the German undersea warfare. Yet nowhere does this come out in his memoirs except in one reference to the armed-ship controversy. Probably it would be fairer to say that Gerard was confused about the German situation in 1914-1917 and never came out of his confusion and that this accounts for his counsel of acquiescence in German tactics at the same time he was sending urgent warnings to Wilson and House regarding German war aims.

From 1920 until 1944 Gerard served the Democratic party off and on as campaign treasurer, but there is no evidence that he had anything to do with making party policy or was ever an important part of the party leadership. He was personally friendly with Franklin Roosevelt, although he obviously disapproved of most of the New Deal measures. He claims to have had a hand in swinging the Northern Negro vote to Roosevelt in 1936, although this, like many of his statements, will bear scrutiny.

Though this volume is filled with many errors of fact, it is probably ungracious to criticize a man who takes

(*Continued on page* 31)

Fiction. *Thanks to the industry of a valiant band of critics, the name of F. Scott Fitzgerald is perhaps even more widely known today, a decade after his death, than it was during his hardly obscure lifetime. All that now remains is for the general public to make the acquaintance of his writing itself. Until recently it was not easy to savor Fitzgerald's delights, for except for fugitive reprints most of his work was hard to come by. Now Malcolm Cowley offers a representative sampling of his short pieces, while new editions of several novels are in the offing. . . . It may not be a trend, but concern about military service is the theme of two notable new British novels: Jocelyn Brooke's "Image of a Drawn Sword"* (SRL *Feb. 3*) *and Duff Cooper's "Operation Heartbreak* (*page 15*).

The Lost Generation Revisited

THE STORIES OF F. SCOTT FITZGERALD. Selected and with an introduction by Malcolm Cowley. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 473 *pp.* $3.75.

By Hollis Alpert

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD wrote something like a hundred-and-sixty short stories, and he included the best of them along with some he wasn't very fond of in four volumes, the titles of which seem to make a kind of story in themselves: "Flappers and Philosophers" (1920), "Tales of the Jazz Age" (1922), "All the Sad Young Men" (1926), "Taps at Reveille" (1935). The first selected edition of his stories has now come along, edited by Malcolm Cowley, at what one might call the opportune moment. Twenty-eight of them are here: sixteen from the four above-mentioned volumes and ten not before collected.

Mr. Cowley terms Fitzgerald a shrewd but erratic judge of his own work, and so he has taken the liberty of adding some stories to those that Fitzgerald felt suitable for posterity. Actually there are only three of these, for the other seven of the uncollected pieces appeared in magazines during Fitzgerald's last years. I think a number of readers will welcome the chance to read (without going through old *Saturday Evening Post* files) "Magnetism," "The Rough Crossing," and "The Bridal Party," but it does seem to me that Fitzgerald knew pretty much what he was about when he failed to include them in "Taps at Reveille." They simply were not up to his best work, "The Bridal Party" in particular depending upon the sort of contrivances that he must have been fully aware sometimes weakened him as a storyteller.

I can't agree that these three stories are equal to any of the others in "Taps at Reveille" (Mr. Cowley has dipped more heavily into that volume than any of the others), but they are welcome nevertheless. In "Magnetism" we get Fitzgerald's first impressions of Hollywood and thus his first scratching around with material that would later be the basis for "The Last Tycoon." It is also interesting to compare it with another Hollywood story, "Crazy Sunday," written four years later in 1932. Already you see the deepening insight and the clear intimation of his uncompleted major work.

"The Rough Crossing," like much of his short-story work, is very close to autobiography. It is not a story that gets very far in terms of meaning; it deals with a successful playwright and his wife, who go through some emotional bouncings on shipboard at the same time that the ship bounces through a storm. There is irony here but not much more than that, and one must conclude that somehow it wasn't quite brought off. But the picture of the couple is beautifully done (another evidence of that double vision both Mr. Cowley and Arthur Mizener speak of) and it will fascinate those who would want some addenda to the portrait of Fitzgerald and Zelda that Mr. Mizener has drawn in "The Far Side of Paradise."

Fitzgerald's most frequently anthologized story has been "Babylon Revisited," which tells of a man's attempt to pick up the pieces of his life after the boom-and-bust period. The scene is Paris in the early Thirties, and the scene of "The Bridal Party" is also Paris but the Paris of 1929, just as the

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crash came. Perhaps he was still too close to it, for the story reminds one in its construction of all that has come to be held against the usual slick-type story. Coincidences pop up on every page; the characters seem like reflections of other characters, rather than people. Yet Fitzgerald is still here, and there are flashes of his magnificent style. You find yourself remembering not so much the story as that picture of revelry in the midst of the crumpling façades of the time. That was part of his genius: to catch in romantic terms these enduring glimpses.

The favorites are here, too, of course. You will find "The Rich Boy" and "Absolution" and that haunting quintessence of his earlier gift—"Winter Dreams." There are some of the remarkable Basil and Josephine stories, which Mr. Cowley is quite right in saying Fitzgerald underrated. His best fantasy, "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz," is included along with an early flapper story, "Bernice Bobs Her Hair." The latter shows its 1920 date in very certain terms, but there is a brash charm about it, nevertheless. Mr. Cowley is wise in concentrating the bulk of his selections around Fitzgerald's middle period, when most of his work was devoted to the short story, and perhaps more of the early stories would have taken away from the dignity of the volume. Still it is valuable to see Fitzgerald learning how to meet the demands of this precise art, so that after awhile, as in "The Rich Boy" and "Babylon Revisited," the joints are well concealed and the mood and the emotion shine through unimpeded.

I have not yet dealt with the seven stories that Mr. Cowley has taken from the many written after "Taps at Reveille." For me they are the least memorable work. It is another Fitzgerald who writes these. The Pat Hobby stories, written for *Esquire*, have some humor and poignance but they are slight. "An Alcoholic Case" and "The Long Way Out" are reflections of the personal tragedies that came to him and to Zelda, and they take on some of their sadness therefrom. "Three Hours Between Planes" is altogether weak. It is only in the last of the stories, one called "The Lost Decade," that you see the true grip once more. It is about a man who was taken drunk, "every-which way drunk . . ." and who remained so for ten years. This story shows him looking around again, cold sober.

It has taken a novel, a biography, and *Life*'s somewhat sensational article to excite wide contemporary interest in Fitzgerald. Mr. Cowley's selection, which occasionally sacrifices excellence in favor of representativeness, proves how amply deserved is this attention.

The Fans Churn the Humid Air

ANGEL OF GAIETY. By Joseph Hitrec. New York: Harper & Bros. 246 pp. $3.

By Robert Payne

AFTER a halting start Joseph Hitrec goes along merrily, putting his fourteen years of India to advantage in a study of Anglo-Indian suburbia. He knows his India, and he has not the least intention of glamorizing the country; indeed, he goes to the opposite extreme, and there are moments when one begins to wonder whether the vulgar, plodding, earnest lives of the young English *déracinés* he depicts with such deliberate accuracy are worth writing about at all. There is Basil Cousins, head of the Laxo business, faintly boisterous, somewhat sensual, with a wife in Putney and a gnawing conscience which he drowns more or less successfully in warm beer and an attachment with an Eurasian girl; there is Mrs. Popoff, a lonely Russian refugee who keeps dogs and bungalows and cocks an impressionable eye on the visitors to her estate; there are minions who surround Cousins with advice; above all there is Stella, the Eurasian girl who is the angel of dubious gaiety of the title, beautiful and tender and filled with curious recriminations against the world in general, always lonely, always at odds with herself, so that her liaisons come to grief and the odor of dead sea fruit hangs heavily over her. Inevitably the book is a study of her despair made more desperate by the presence of the vulgar Cousins, whose laxatives are sunk somewhere between London and Bombay and who sees no future for himself or for India. The soda has gone stale, the telephone rings in empty rooms, the refugee doctor mops up the mess left after an abortion, and the white enamel fans are forever churning the humid air.

Others have written about heat rashes, the somber violence of a Bombay night, the beauty of Eurasian women and their singsong voices. What is significant in Mr. Hitrec's work is not so much the novel he has written as the style he has hammered out and the occasional long passages where he writes like an angel, as when he describes Stella, abandoned by all her lovers, going round and round in her own rat-race or the earlier passage where he describes the lovers walking through a forest, which is also the forest of their own discordant minds. He writes superbly of Indians and Eurasians; he is not so successful with his expatriate Cockneys. Someone should have told him that one cannot reproduce their accents by lopping off aspirates.

But these are small faults. When he wishes he can use the English language as it has been rarely used, a new Conrad employing foreign rhythms to reproduce a foreign scene, and like Conrad he strains after effects and does not always succeed. It is perhaps significant of his method that the best scene in the book is the one where Stella finds herself late at night in a teashop belonging to an Irani. Desperately she telephones to Cousins's advertising manager to ask for a last impossible appointment with the man she has deserted and who no longer wants her. She stands among the mildewed lithographs of Congress leaders and the fly-specked mirrors pleading for her life; then the voice comes clearly over the telephone—"Leave me alone, will you?"—and the telephone is hung up. While she has been talking the telephone cord has looped itself round her; then she fights free of it and sees the Irani slumped over the till, waiting for her. He says: "Twelve o'clock, missahib. Close now." That is all, but it is enough. At moments like these Mr. Hitrec penetrates into the heart of darkness.

Mr. Hitrec has composed a novel of considerably greater importance than his previous "Son of the Moon." If he has failed to be completely convincing he has demonstrated unexpected resources of power, and there are long stretches where the thing described is the thing seen; and if occasionally the bead curtains rattle down and we see everything through a mist of brightly colored beads it is hardly his fault—such curtains are a part of the Indian scene, and Mr. Hitrec has not forgotten to add the cockroaches. And if various Englishmen are encumbrances to the story there is the living, naked, grief-stricken, silly, and tortured Stella to remind us that Mr. Hitrec is perfectly capable of inventing memorable characters, so memorable indeed that long after we have put the book down we can remember the precise intonations of her singsong voice and all the gradations of color on her dusky skin.

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Round-trip Prodigal

STOPOVER. By Carol Brink. New York: The Macmillan Co. 245 pp. $3.

By Frances Gaither

WHEN the two traveling men left the train she took off her hat and let herself go. The familiar Minnesota fields lulled her to a brief, refreshing sleep, from which she woke competent to comfort a crying baby in the seat ahead and bestow on its grateful and admiring mother her easy confidences. Yes, she had children, three, whom she hadn't seen for ten years, not since she walked out. The letter beginning "Dearest Mama" and telling about the high-school play was in her handbag along with the round-trip ticket the letter had impelled her to buy. At the brakeman's call, "Placid Lake," she hurriedly restored to her head its coronal of artificial violets, pressed on her listener the half-wilted bunch of real ones — including the handkerchief damp about the stems—confided her raffish luggage to the brakeman, and followed him down the aisle.

It takes skill to reveal a character in the round and launch a story in the first seven pages as Carol Brink does in "Stopover." It takes, too, a friendly forthrightness. Every book is some sort of journey, the enjoyment of which will depend not a little on the mood of the travelers themselves. And in this case it may be that some travelers should not board this train.

In Placid Lake in 1910 most people were doing pretty much the same things as ever. The high-school principal, for instance, having long since weathered his wife's leaving him and having brought up their children as decently as he could, had not yet got around to making up his mind about divorce. Such stagnant backwaters need stirring up; and who better fitted to do it here than Naomi, felicitously arrived in violet-wreathed toque to applaud her younger daughter's radiant debut as Lydia Languish? If the same daughter's graduation a few days off tempted Naomi to outstay her welcome a bit, threatening the happiness of all concerned and misleading even the author at last into one or two scenes perhaps a trifle high-keyed in so quiet a book, what of it? Fear of permanent damage can strike no deep roots because of the round-trip ticket in Naomi's purse all along. And as to Naomi herself—well, she is Naomi. Any hope that she should or could profit by a salutary lesson about not having your cake and eating it, too, is the reader's own responsibility. See chapter one.

Joseph Hitrec—"knows his India."

Carol Brink—"friendly forthrightness."

—Conrad Eiger.

Duff Cooper—"remarkable irony."

A Born Soldier

OPERATION HEARTBREAK. By Duff Cooper. New York: Viking Press. 153 pp. $2.50.

By Walter Havighurst

AN EMINENT British political and military leader has told a story of a soldier who could not go to war. Willie Maryngton, orphaned son of a British Army man, had but one ambition in life—to serve his country in battle. To accomplish this he spent many years in uniform, honored his regiment above all else, and hoped in times of peace that war might yet occur. Ironically, in this century of war, he was denied his ambition. Barely too young for the First World War he was just too old for active duty in the Second.

It is an ardent and attractive boy whom the author pictures at Sandhurst in 1917, dreaming of military action to come. Modest, fearless, good-natured, he was liked by everyone. He loved the regiment as he might have loved his parents. When he saw a book called "The War to End War" he was chilled with the fear that he might never have the experience of battle, and talk of a League of Nations dismayed him further. Of all the people who burst into tears at news of the Armistice, Willie Maryngton, just ready to join his regiment in France, must have been the only one who wept tears of disappointment. His dream was shattered.

Willie was a born soldier, and he could not understand how his friend Horry Osborne could seriously consider a career on the stage. When his friend charged him with living in the past Willie could not find an answer.

With his single-minded devotion to his regiment and his aversion to politics and social questions he was a nineteenth-century English soldier who could not be at home in the twentieth century. In Germany with the Army of Occupation he was hurt by the restlessness and the complaining of his colleagues. Horses were better—he gave himself to hunting, polo, and racing. He spent a tour of duty in India, then in Egypt. In India he felt happily separated from the modern world, but in Egypt there was a pressure of political change which puzzled and depressed him.

Back in London he fell in love with the composed, direct, but somewhat distant Felicity Osborne. It was a mostly unsuccessful love affair. When the new war began he was too old to be sent overseas; he trained younger men for active service. Meanwhile Horry Osborne was killed in the Ger-

(*Continued on page 39*)

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A Doctor Examines the Big House

1. A Warden's View

By Walter M. Wallack

THE Big-House motif has inspired several five-foot shelves of literary rubbish. Some of it has come from the ink pots of patently unqualified writers, but a great deal has had respectable origin. Many a working penologist with an eye on Hollywood, the radio, and the lecture platform has broken into print with "my story" to gain a fast dollar and the adulation of a gullible public for his self-claimed prowess. Perhaps the profit motive cannot be ignored any more than can the bolstering of an ego, but it is deplorable that these ends have so greatly influenced the literature of a field deserving better treatment. The prison book more often than not deals with the sensational, the bizarre, and the ego of the author while it ignores the true and somber facts the public must have if we are ever to accelerate progress in an area where it has always come painfully slow.

In his new book, "My Six Convicts: A Psychologist's Three Years in Fort Leavenworth," Dr. Donald Powell Wilson has produced a volume with the gripping quality of a first-rate novel, yet authoritatively informative and scientifically sound. We learn a lot about the use of narcotics and also do some unlearning. The psychologic etiology of crime, penal treatment, and the law are discussed logically and in simple language. Neatly sprinkled from cover to cover are a lot of belly-laughs and some throat tightenings. These and the thrilling tale of the break, the stories of Laurie Kennedy, of the naughty women smuggled in, King's girl friend, Connie's visit to Kansas City, and Father Dowd's pathetic experience make for sure reader interest.

This formula for a prison book is familiar, but the way Dr. Wilson applies it is different. His expert balancing of the lurid and melodramatic with the serious makes "My Six Convicts" good easy-chair reading and one of the very best books of its kind.

How much literary license he used in dealing with characters and events only the doctor knows. His six convict assistants are typical of a few that could be found in any prison, but they are distinctly upper-crust in comparison with the bulk of an ordinary prison population. Anything can and often does happen in some prisons.

MY SIX CONVICTS: A Psychologist's Three Years in Fort Leavenworth. By Donald Powell Wilson. New York: Rinehart & Co. 369 pp. $3.50.

Only the poorest management, however, could make possible most of the events Dr. Wilson reports having seen during his three years at Leavenworth. It is difficult to determine whether or not he really believes the prison grapevine is the work of leprechauns. Doubtless some of his readers will so believe. Perhaps this book should be accepted frankly as fiction-and-fact rather than as all fact. That would not discredit it in the least, because what may be fiction is realistic enough and the wealth of factual material can stand on its own feet.

In the early 1930's the United States Public Health Service decided to investigate the psychological aspects of drug addiction, a subject then little understood and still far from clear even now. The choice of Dr. Wilson to be director of this research is evidence of his professional competence. He and other civilian specialists with the cooperation of prison officials studied 1,500 convict addicts. The six convicts who give the book its title were chosen (perhaps they did the choosing) to do some of the spade work such as testing, tabulating, and graph-drawing. The results of this work, a story in itself, significantly influenced subsequent developments in the treatment of addiction. The observations about which Dr. Wilson writes here were a by-product.

Of the many powerful serious passages in "My Six Convicts" this reviewer especially likes the following:

> Rehabilitation is a hard-headed, economic view to take of criminality. It has become almost axiomatic to say that a man becomes a criminal not by his first offense but by his first imprisonment. He has become a jailbird and that is how society looks at him, with very rare exceptions, when he is released. If society doesn't want to meet that man again in five or ten or twenty years at the wrong end of a gun it had better study the needs, fears, drives, and pathologies of that man and its own evils that create them. It had better give him a real second chance. Society will have to decide whether it wants animalistic revenge or a solution of crime. It cannot have both.

Dr. Walter M. Wallack is warden of the Walkill Prison, Walkill, New York, and the author of "Education Within Prison Walls" and other books.

2. An Ex-Con's View

By Frank O'Leary

DONALD POWELL WILSON has written one of the most unconventional and amusing accounts of prison life ever published. His six convicts and several collateral figures are accurately drawn in all of their captivating dimensions. The reader quickly learns to know and in a measure understand cons like Ross, the brilliant drug addict and forger, who is easily the most sympathetic character in the book. Nor is he likely quickly to forget Punchy, the gangster, Connie, the safeblower and shoplifter, Gibbs, the smuggler, King, the counterfeiter, Davis, the murderer, and the allegedly "innocent" Scott, who took a narcotic rap to cover up for a Southern aristocrat attempting to repair her family's shattered finances.

As the prison psychologist Dr. Wilson fought for and won the affection and loyalty of these half-dozen men—his inmate staff of assistants—by being what the underworld calls "a right guy," an attitude that cannot be successfully feigned or counterfeited. As a result he was enabled to make a sound contribution to criminology and penology, evidence of which runs through his book so clearly that the most uninitiated will sense its value.

Engaging yarns abound in this volume, which make amusing, rewarding reading. "I.Q. 33," the least bright man tested, is "a sweet, happy vegetable" with a vocabulary of forty-nine words, none of which he could use to explain where he had found the postage stamps and money-order blanks with which he had papered the walls of his "packing-box hovel at the edge of the city dump." Then there was the outside theft and smuggling into the prison of an Ediphone with forty records engineered by his six cons to aid the doctor's work. And another classic passage is: "They had a housewife's pride in their operations. . . . Many, unable to get into the surgery ward by faking appendicitis, would check in for circumcisions. This scar was as proudly exhibited as a skull suture."

The book is abundantly rich in forthright passages like these. Offered, too, are some interesting observations on the criminal caste system, "as fantastic and irrational as a caste system anywhere in society."

Dr. Wilson seems to me rather harsh for a man of science when he makes the dated observation that "the crim-

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inal is thrown upon his own pathological resources for recovery and is expected to emerge from isolation, filth, brutality, hunger, idleness, and monotony—a changed man. He may be changed. He will not be cured." His conclusion would be sound given the exaggerated premises, but all these conditions are not universal today.

A few of the episodes described in the book are certain to raise the eyebrows of readers who want to be entertained without being taken in—as it is just possible that the good doctor was to some degree. One such yarn that to me is almost incredible deals with a day of shoplifting Connie spent in Kansas City while under guard. He earned this reward for opening the vault of a bank in a nearby city when its mechanism was out of order.

Another dubious story concerns the fabulous swami Hadad, who thrice went into a catatonic trance and successfully feigned death, maintaining such control that he could arouse himself as the scalpel neared his reluctant flesh. Hadad also lay in solitary confinement for seventy-two hours, during which period he allegedly checked the attacks of every epileptic in the prison hospital. "Posthypnotic suggestion" is the explanation the author ventures.

I found the book stimulating, amusing, and arresting in the extreme. The doctor knows his cons, has a great understanding of and sympathy with human kind, and it is evident that he enjoyed every moment of his undeniably dangerous mission. But the reader should remember that one prison is not all prisons.

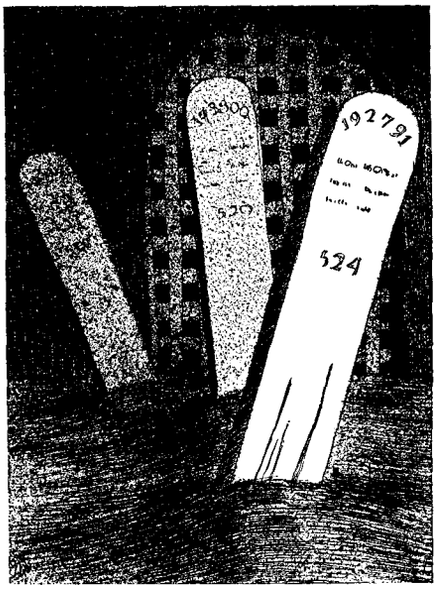
In a kindly footnote to the doctor I should like to point out that a "wolf" is not a passive homosexual but is very much active. It's the "queer" or "fag" who wears the rouge, doctor.

"Rehabilitation is a hard-headed, economic view to take of criminality."

Frank O'Leary has spent twenty-two of his forty-seven years in various prisons, including Sing Sing, Clinton, and Great Meadow, New York. For ten years of this time he served as a teacher in the prison schools and for another ten he was secretary to the industrial superintendent. He was obliged to spend one year in idleness as punishment for an attempted escape. Since his release from Great Meadow two years ago he has been working as a longshoreman in Brooklyn. He considers his criminal career now closed. His book, "Dictionary of American Underworld Lingo," was published by Twayne Publishers.

The drawings at the right were done by self-taught John Resko while at Clinton Prison. Released in 1949 after serving eighteen years, he is working and taking art courses in New York. His criminal career, too, is closed.

". . . anything can happen. . ."



". . . revenge or a solution"?

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No Essays, Please!

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

EVERY now and then someone regrets publicly the passing of the familiar essay. Perhaps such regretters are usually in possession of a recent rejection slip; in any event there are not enough of them to impress editors. The very word "essay" has fallen into such disfavor that it is avoided with horror, and anything which is not fiction is usually called either an "article," a "story," or just "a piece." When *The Atlantic Monthly*, once the last refuge of a dying tradition, now finds it advisable to go in for such "articles" as its recent "What Night Playing Has Done to Baseball" it is obvious that not merely the genteel tradition but a whole literary form is dead.

I am sure that the books on how to become a writer in ten easy lessons have been stressing this fact for a long time now. If *I* were writing such a book I certainly should, and I think that I could give some very practical advice. To begin with I should say something like the following:

Suppose that you have drawn a subject out of your mental box and you find that it is "Fish." Now if you were living in the time of Henry Van Dyke and Thomas Bailey Aldrich your best lead would be: "Many of my friends are ardent disciples of Isaac Walton." That would have had the appropriate personal touch and the requisite not too recondite literary allusion. But today of course no live-wire editor would read any further, not because this sounds like a dull familiar essay but simply because it sounds like *a* familiar essay. But "Fish" is still a perfectly usable subject provided you remember that salable non-fiction "pieces" almost invariably fall into one of three categories: the factual, the polemic, and what we now call—though I don't know why we have to deviate into French—*reportage*.

If you decide to be factual a good beginning would be: "Four million trout flies were manufactured last year by the three leading sports-supply houses." That is the sort of thing which makes almost any editor sit up and take notice. But it is no better than certain other possible beginnings. The polemic article ought to start: "Despite all the efforts of our department of wild life conservation, the number of game fish in American lakes and streams continues to decline steadily." Probably this kind of beginning to this kind of article is best of all because it sounds alarming and because nowadays (and for understandable reasons) whatever sounds alarming is generally taken to be true. However, if you want to go in for the trickier *reportage* start off with a sentence something like this: "'Cap' Bill Hanks, a lean, silent, wryly humorous down-Easterner, probably knows more about the strange habits of the American fisherman than any man alive."

Of course, no one will ever inquire where you got your statistics about the trout flies, whether the fish population really is declining, or whether "Cap" Bill Hanks really exists. In fact, one of the best and lengthiest "Profiles" *The New Yorker* ever ran turned out to be about a "character" at the Fulton Fishmarket who didn't. Whatever looks like official fact or on-the-spot reporting is taken at face value and will be widely quoted. The important thing is that the editor first and the reader afterwards shall get the feeling that what he is being offered is not mere literature but the real low-down on something or other—whether that something or other is or is not anything he cares much about.

Fling your facts around, never qualify anything (qualifications arouse distrust), and adopt an air of jolly omniscience. Remember that "essays" are written by introverts, "articles" by extroverts, and that the reader is going to resent anything which comes between him and that low-down which it is your principal function to supply. "Personalities," the more eccentric the better, are fine subjects for *reportage*. Manufacture or get hold of a good one and you may be able to do a "profile." But no one wants any personality to show in the magazine writer, whose business it is to be all-knowing, shrewd, and detached almost to the point of non-existence. This means, of course, that your style should have no quality which belongs to you, only the qualities appropriate to the magazine for which you are writing. The most successful of all the magazines functioning in America today seldom print anything which is not anonymous and apparently owe a considerable part of their success to the fact that nearly everything which appears in them achieves the manner of *Life*, *Time*, or *Fortune*, as the case may be, but never by any chance any characteristic which would enable the most sensitive analyst of style to discover who had written it.

THE IDEAL is obviously a kind of writing which seems to have been produced not by a man but by some sort of electronic machine. Perhaps in time it will actually be produced that way, since such machines now solve differential equations and that is harder to do than to write the average magazine article. Probably if Vannevar Bush were to put his mind to the problem he could replace the whole interminable list of editors, assistant editors, and research assistants employed by the Luce publications with a contraption less elaborate than that now used to calculate the trajectory of a rocket. Meanwhile the general effect of mechanical impersonality can be achieved by a system of collaboration in the course of which such personalities as the individual collaborators may have are made to cancel one another out.

This system works best when these collaborators are divided into two groups called respectively "researchers" and "writers"—or, in other words, those who know something but don't write and those who don't know anything but do. This assures at the very outset that the actual writers shall have no dangerous interest in or even relation to what they write and that any individuality of approach which might tend to manifest itself in one of them will be canceled out by the others. If you then pass the end-result through the hands of one or more senior editors for further regularization you will obviously get finally something from which every trace of what might be called handwork has disappeared. One might suppose that the criticism of the arts would be a department in which some trace of individuality would still be considered desirable, but I am reliably informed that at least at one time (and for all I know still) it was the custom to send an "editor" along with the movie critic to see every film so that this editor could tell the critic whether or not the film should be reviewed. This disposed of the possibility that the review might in some way reflect the critic's taste.

Obviously, few publications can afford the elaborate machinery which

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the Luce organization has set up. However, a great many strive to achieve something of the same effect by simpler means, and they expect their contributors to cooperate by recognizing the ideal and by coming as close to the realization of it as is possible for an individual to come. The circulations achieved by these publications seem to indicate how wise from one point of view their policy is. Those which still permit or even encourage a certain amount of individuality in their writers—even those which still offer a certain amount of non-fiction which is to some extent personal and reflective as opposed to the factual and the bleaky expository—must content themselves with relatively small circulations. Moreover, since they also print a good deal of the other sort of thing they create the suspicion that they survive in spite of rather than because of their limited hospitality to the man-made as opposed to the machine-made article.

No doubt the kind of essay which *The Atlantic* and the old *Century* once went in for died of anemia. It came to represent the genteel tradition at its feeblest. No one need be surprised that it did not survive. But what is significant is the fact that, whereas the genteel novel was succeeded by novels of a different sort and genteel poetry by poetry in a different manner, the familiar essay died without issue, so that what disappeared was a once important literary form for which changed times found no use. And the result is that there disappeared with it the best opportunity to consider in an effective way an area of human interest.

Because the "article" is impersonal it can deal only with subjects which exist in an impersonal realm. If its subject is not ominous, usually it must be desperately trivial; and just as the best-selling books are likely to have for title either something like "The World in Crisis" or "My Grandmother Did a Strip Tease," so the magazine articles which are not heavy are very likely to be inconsequential. I doubt that anyone was ever quite as eccentric as almost every subject of a *New Yorker* "Profile" is made to seem; but if a topic cannot be made "devastating" the next best thing is "fabulous."

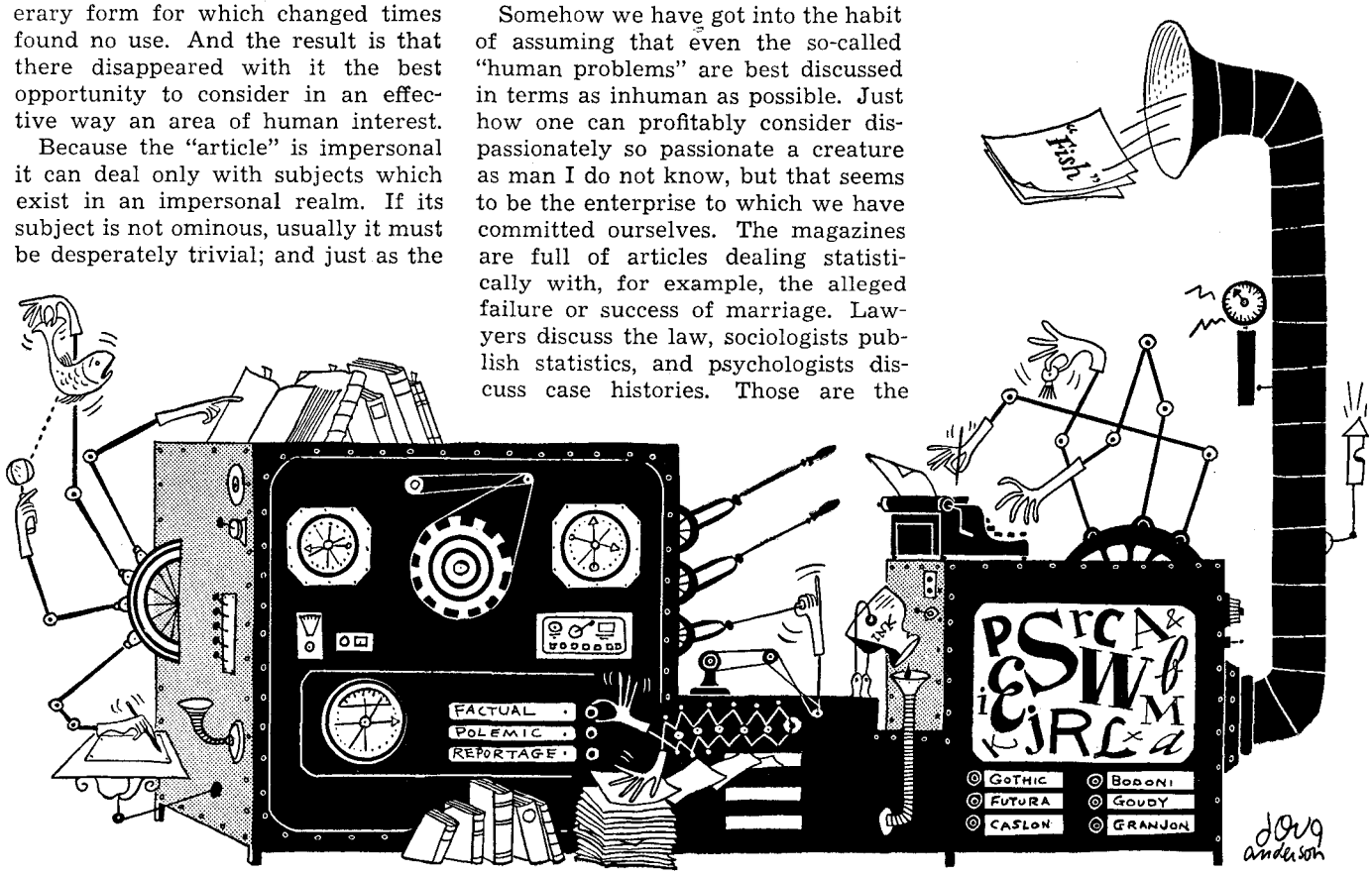
PERHAPS what disappeared with the familiar essay was not merely a form, not merely even an attitude, but a whole subject matter. For the familiar essay affords what is probably the best method of discussing those subjects which are neither obviously momentous nor merely silly. And, since no really good life is composed exclusively of problems and farce, either the reading of most people today does not actually concern itself with some of the most important aspects of their lives or those lives are impoverished to a degree which the members of any really civilized society would find it difficult to understand. Just as genuine conversation —by which I mean something distinguishable from disputation, lamentation, and joke-telling—has tended to disappear from social gatherings, so anything comparable to it has tended to disappear from the printed page. By no means all of the Most-of-My-Friends essays caught it. But the best of them caught something which nowadays hardly gets into print at all.

Somehow we have got into the habit of assuming that even the so-called "human problems" are best discussed in terms as inhuman as possible. Just how one can profitably consider dispassionately so passionate a creature as man I do not know, but that seems to be the enterprise to which we have committed ourselves. The magazines are full of articles dealing statistically with, for example, the alleged failure or success of marriage. Lawyers discuss the law, sociologists publish statistics, and psychologists discuss case histories. Those are the methods by which we deal with the behavior of animals since animals can't talk. But men can—or at least once could—communicate, and one man's "familiar essay" on love and marriage might get closer to some all-important realities than any number of "studies" could.

No one is, to take another example, naive enough to suppose that all the current discussions of the welfare state are actually as "objective" as most of them pretend to be. Personal tastes, even simple self-interest, obviously influence most of them but only insofar as they introduce distortions between the lines. Everybody who writes for or against the competitive society tries to write as though he did not live in it, had had no personal experience of what living in it is like, and was dealing only with a question in which he had no personal interest. This is the way one talks about how to keep bees or raise the Black Angus. It is not the way either the bees or the Black Angus would discuss the good life as it affected them, and it is a singularly unrealistic way of considering anything which would affect us. Even the objective studies would be better and more objective if their authors permitted themselves freely to express elsewhere their "familiar" reaction to conditions and prospects instead of working in these feelings disguised as logical argument or scientific deduction.

All the sciences which deal with

(*Continued on page* 35)



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Discrimination

FOR SOME time the threat of higher postal rates on books has been giving anxious days and nights to publishers, already harassed by the almost prohibitive costs of printing and paper. It was a cause for jubilation when President Truman in his message to Congress on February 27 attacked the discriminatory clauses in the Postal Rate Bill and said: "These excessive subsidies for newspapers and magazines are not only wrong, they are seriously inequitable. Books, which are surely as important as newspapers and magazines in disseminating information . . . are classified as fourth-class mail. Under the recommended rates there will be little, if any, subsidy in carrying these publications—a startling discrimination in comparison to . . . second-class mail."

There is a long history of injustice in this latest attempt to blackjack the three hundred or so publishers of "hard-cover" books in the United States into paying still higher postage rates. In 1938 postage on books was on a level with the reading matter in magazines. At that time President Roosevelt, who must have been aware that the United States was almost alone in this postal-rate discrimination against books, stated that "the interests of the public in the promotion of the cultural growth, education, and development of the American people" required the rate that was then established on a parity with magazines at one and a half cents a pound. Nevertheless, in 1943 the book rate was three cents a pound, and a surcharge of one to six cents was added, amounting to four cents for the first pound and three cents for each additional pound. In 1949 the rate was again increased to the present eight cents for the first pound and four cents for each additional pound. During this period postage on magazines has remained the same. If the latest proposals of the Post Office Department are approved by the Interstate Commerce Commission book publishers will be confronted with a flat rate of ten cents for the first pound and five for each succeeding pound. Furthermore, this will apply only to book packages up to ten pounds as compared with seventy at present. The vast number of packages over ten pounds will then be charged at full parcel-post rates applicable to general merchandise.

Few people outside of the publishing business, bookstores, libraries, and educational, technical, and religious institutions are aware of the vital role of the postal system in the distribution of "hard-cover" books. After the substantial orders for new books and reprints have been sent by railway express or motor trucks the Post Office takes charge of the distribution of all small purchases and reorders mailed in packages which it would be uneconomic to send in any other way. Over ten thousand new titles are published each year in this country, and at least a hundred thousand titles are kept in print. It is the duty of the nation's bookstores and the larger libraries to have in stock a fair representation of this mass of literature of every type. A large volume of books is also sold by mail direct to the purchaser, especially in rural areas and smaller cities and towns in which there are no bookstores. Millions of books are sent out in this way every year by great or small book clubs. It is obvious that a large part of the distribution of books throughout the country is dependent on the Post Office and that higher postal rates will have to be paid by the consumer, in addition to the steadily increasing retail prices that publishers are forced to charge for their merchandise to meet their expenses.

For the coming year the Post Office is faced with a deficit of over half a billion dollars. For many years the mailing costs of magazines and newspapers have been heavily subsidized. In his message to Congress President Truman said that the present rates applicable to them were close to the level of seventy years ago. He also protested against asking the taxpayers to continue generously subsidizing the advertisers and others who use the mails for business.

There is little question that the Post Office will continue subsidies for magazines and to a lesser extent for books. The argument that it is in the public interest to have informative and cultural literature distributed as widely as possible is too powerful to be dismissed. Nevertheless, there are inequities in the present system that should be remedied. It is absurd, as Mr. Truman said, that the Post Office should be asked to distribute the digest-type magazines at the rate of one and a half cents a pound. Based on simple arithmetic three copies of the average "digest magazine" weigh one pound, so that a single copy can be transported anywhere in the United States for half a cent, while it costs more to handle a copy than it does an ordinary letter, for which the writer pays six times as much postage. Newspapers and magazines now are carried at a cost of $242,000,000 a year, though the postage paid amounts to only $42,000,000. For the year 1952 it is estimated that some six billions of individually addressed periodicals and newspapers will be carried through the mails. The larger mass-circulation magazines carrying a great number of pages of advertising pay only a small percentage of what it costs the Post Office to deliver them, so that the taxpayer is paying for advertising that goes into American homes at less than cost. "Surely," the President added, "advertising was not a part of the public information and education which Congress intended to subsidize seventy years ago when it established second-class mail."

IN view of the huge deficit faced by the Post Office for the coming year book publishers can hardly expect to have the present rates reduced. But they may hope that common sense will dictate that the absurd discrimination against books will not be continued by increasing the postal rate on them until "there will be little if any subsidy for books," while magazines and newspapers continue to cost the taxpayer four or five hundred millions a year. Our cultural past and the knowledge and wisdom in the future will be enshrined, as it has always been, in books—not in magazines designed for entertainment and for carrying vast quantities of advertising. We believe that magazines of this nature should pay a higher postage rate than the weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals which are cultural and educational and which cannot hope to obtain either large advertising revenues or a great number of subscribers. By their nature these magazines are limited in appeal to tens of thousands of readers rather than millions, but they are nevertheless a vital link in the immense process of educating, informing, and entertaining the public. —H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The "Lost Generation"

SIR: Recent tides of praiseful reappraisal of F. Scott Fitzgerald's life and writings have made me wonder why no book of his is on my shelf. I think I now know why those I read were not kept, for I have just spent several hours with "Tender Is the Night." Here is the characteristic preoccupation with organized dissipation. Here are glittering young men and women whose conversation never touches anything more real than their immediate physical hungers and their mocking judgments on chance acquaintances as uprooted as themselves. Surely, these are not the "lost generation" so oft and so tearfully lamented! They are but a segment of a generation, a segment that chose to throw itself away. Other young men and women of their day with less glitter but more character came through the same 1920's with strength and will to help America carry more than her share of the burdens of the world in the 1950's. As they were not exclusively preoccupied with themselves then, they are not unduly aware of the high quality of their services today.

MABEL WYETH.

Riverdale, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"That's final! Either you rewrite this Hamlet part or you find a new actor!"

No Decline Seen

SIR: It could be that Liston Pope ["Man Is the Measure," *SRL* Feb. 10] is measuring the vast ocean of man's experience on this earth with a teacup. The same science that now comes up with a split atom also tells us that it took several thousand years to get us out of treetops and several thousand years more to get us walking around in an upright position. But Mr. Pope bemoans the fact that we haven't put the finishing touches on all this progress in just the past fifty years!

Our grandfathers, he says, had more faith and less sense of futility than we do. Well, just thirty-five years before the beginning of the century which was greeted so enthusiastically we had the Civil War here. My grandfather was involved—wearing a gray uniform. We were doomed, he said. This infant nation and its men, split internally, would never survive.

Just eighty-five short years later we find ourselves grown strong to the point of financing and feeding a great portion of the world's population and just beginning to assume the role of leading nation. Despite our frequent bunglings, the determined purpose of Americans seems to be that other men in other places can be free if they choose. Now, when else in history has the most powerful nation on earth been so inclined? Or fought wars and spent its wealth for that purpose? That doesn't indicate a declining moral responsibility or sensitivity to me.

Nor does it indicate that man's spiritual vision is dimming, either. I'd say that man's spiritual vision will begin to dim when he begins to lose faith that somehow, some way tomorrow will be better, and he stops working with what he thinks will help bring that about. It will begin to dim, all right, when man begins to consider hopeless the reconciling of a split atom and a split mankind after only six years of effort. But happily man ranges on in many fields, searching for what meets his needs and discarding what can't. And if Mr. Pope's man has "largely discarded faith in a deity before whom we would know his sins and his smallness," perhaps it's because man is looking for another kind of deity—to meet his needs.

FRED H. SIDES, JR.

New York, N. Y.

The Big Trap

SIR: In "The Age of the Big Trap" [*SRL* Feb. 10] Mr. Cousins seems to be distressed because by going to war in another's country we have made a battlefield of that country. What else could have been expected?

I would like to question his proposed solution to the Korean refugee question. Suppose his great armada should appear to rescue these people, do we then transport them to paradises where they will all be as happy as kings or good democrats? Were those refugees whom we approved as "good" in Europe happy in DP camps?

Mr. Cousins wants to offer these people a refuge "until . . . the world becomes sane again." As Reinhold Niebuhr points out in "Faith and History," modern culture exalts Time into the position of God. Why should Mr. Cousins expect the future to be better than the present—upon what evidence or faith or for what reason?

Was it intentional that Mr. Cousins's editorial should be printed in Lent in the same issue as your "Annual Guide to Religious Books"? Certainly he has succeeded very well in leaving God out of his editorial. I think he complains about results without considering the underlying cause. Man is by the nature of things "shrouded in futility" if he considers himself the solution of his problems. Chesterton has written something to the effect that the great tragedy is not that men die of starvation but that men die. Mr. Cousins proposes a secular answer to a problem the root of which lies in secularism. He leaves out of the question entirely whether we were justified in our appeal to force; he merely regrets its consequences. His world is still peopled with "good" and "bad" men, whose status depends upon whether they are at a given moment "on our side."

If he would change his angle of vision for a moment and view all men as imperfect children of the same God we might be spared these feverish appeals for bandages to cover unsightly wounds, the clamor of which helps to obscure the fact that the patient is nearly moribund.

GLADYS LANGWORTH.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: Norman Cousins's editorial should be read by every man and woman in the United States!

I. M. KEIGWIN.

Colchester, Conn.

SIR: Never on this planet have I wanted to back anything as I do Norman Cousins's project for the United States' reception of those Koreans. That is family thinking on a global scale: eminently as thinking should be.

And as feeling should be, too. Heaven willing, the people of good will in the United States will rally the coldsters and make this project come to pass.

NORMA LAY.

St. Petersburg, Fla.

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Seeing Things

SAYING IT WITH FLOWERS

FROM what he had said to interviewers and from what my confreres had said about "The Rose Tattoo,"* my impression was that Tennessee Williams had of late stumbled upon happiness. No longer, I was led to believe, was Mr. Williams a spokesman for frustration. No longer was he rewriting with deepening variations the theme of Southern sadness and despair which had served him, and served him well, in "The Glass Menagerie" and "A Streetcar Named Desire." I gathered that a new Mr. Williams had appeared; a positive fellow who had put negation behind him; a man who had brushed the Spanish moss from his thinking, turned his back on meanness and decay, and walked out of the shadows into the bright light of noon.

Mr. Williams's explanation of his changed mood was not an unusual one. In a word, it was Italy. And Italy, seen at the right seasons under the right circumstances, has over the centuries lifted the spirits of millions of travelers. Playwrights no less than poets, novelists, and ordinary trippers have responded to the curative powers of its sunshine and the sunnier aspects of its people. It was Italy, after all, which healed Goethe. It brought him "a new youth," restored him "to the enjoyment of life," and persuaded him to count the day he entered Rome as "a second birthday, a true regeneration." Even Ibsen so thawed under Italian skies that, more than gurgling about all that was "beautiful, wonderful, magical" in Rome, he boasted he felt there "an extraordinary capacity for work and the strength of a giant-killer."

No wonder then that Mr. Williams, who wrote "The Rose Tattoo" during his recent Roman holiday, was reported to have reacted to the stimulations of Italy in what seemed to be the traditional way. "I have felt more hopeful about human nature as a result of being exposed to the Italians," said he to a reporter. He also confessed that not only was his new play directly inspired by "the vitality, humanity, and love of life expressed by the Italian people" but that he himself had felt "much happier in the last two or three years than ever in my life."

Remembering these exuberant statements and recollecting my fellow reviewers' assertions to the effect that Mr. Williams had found a new formula for his plays and was in a cheerful frame of mind, I naturally approached "The Rose Tattoo" expecting it to be gayer than "The Gondoliers" and more persuasive than Pippa ever was in proving that "all's right with the world." My fear is, however, that I was anticipating the impossible. I was expecting the mourning dove to borrow the bluebird's song and the pond lily to turn into the hollyhock. I had apparently forgotten all things are relative and that what is hailed as optimism in Mr. Williams might be described as pessimism (or at least an odd manifestation of faith and joy) in almost everyone else.

I do not doubt that Mr. Williams found delight in his Italian sojourn or that he was revitalized by it. Certainly his former languor has been replaced by a fresh energy in the dialogue he has written for "The Rose Tattoo." Yet, on the basis of the subjects he chose to deal with in the novel and the play he wrote in Italy, it would seem to me that he must have been drinking vinegar under the impression that it was chianti.

I do not, for example, see how anyone could read "The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone" without realizing that in addition to being a less than indifferent work of fiction it is a resolutely disagreeable study of decadence and degeneracy. If its picture of how a widowed and retired actress turns from one gigolo who is bad to another who is worse is a reflection of Mr. Williams's happiness, then "Crime and Punishment" belongs in the Little Colonel Series and "Mlle. de Maupin" takes its place among the Freddy Books.

PERMIT me to turn, however, from Mr. Williams's novel, as I am only too glad to do, and come back to "The Rose Tattoo," that new play of his in which supposedly he has written a sequel to "Peace of Mind" and "Words to Live By." In it, though his scene is once again the South, Mr. Williams indicates the broadening effects of travel by choosing as his Southerners this time Sicilians who live in a village on the Gulf somewhere between New Orleans and Mobile.

Before coming to his treatment of

—George Karger-Pix.

Maureen Stapleton—"a passion that is all flame."

**THE ROSE TATTOO, by Tennessee Williams. Directed by Daniel Mann. Settings by Boris Aronson. Costumes by Rose Bogdanoff. Incidental music by David Diamond. Presented by Cheryl Crawford. With a cast including Maureen Stapleton, Eli Wallach, Phyllis Love, Don Murray, Robert Carricart, etc. At the Martin Beck Theatre, New York City. Opened February 3, 1951.*

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these warm-blooded people, it may be worthwhile to delve into his theme, searching there for indications of the fine and original affirmations with which the now-hopeful Mr. Williams has been credited. His heroine is the widow of a truck-driver who is obsessed by the memory of her husband. He has been killed in an accident while delivering narcotics under a load of bananas. For three years (here is one of Mr. Williams's Pollyanna touches) his widow lives a fanatic's life, closeted in her shack with the urn containing her husband's ashes. She refuses, at first, to let her daughter marry the young sailor who is in love with her. Her memory of the love she has had is all that keeps the widow alive. In spite of the whispers of local gossips, she believes her husband, who had a rose tattooed on his chest, was faithful to her. It is only when she discovers by means of the telephone, in one of the most awkward scenes I can remember, that a professional woman not only shared her husband but sports an identical rose tattoo that the widow is willing to consider the new truck-driver who has suddenly stopped at her door. Though he has the face of a clown and the body of her husband, it turns out that this new arrival also has a rose tattoo on his chest. Thereupon the widow smashes the urn, breaks with the past by letting the breezes dispose of her husband's ashes, and gives herself to the new truck-driver.

Do not ask me to describe the meaning of all the roses, real or imaginary, with which several of Mr. Williams's characters are tattooed. Let me only confess that not since the Houses of York and Lancaster feuded long and publicly have roses been used more lavishly than by Mr. Williams. To Gertrude Stein a rose was a rose was a rose. But to Mr. Williams roses are mystical signs, proofs of passion, symbols of devotion, and buds no less than thorns in the flesh. Mr. Williams's roses, moreover, are not real blooms. Instead, they are dramatically the equivalents of so many cheap paper flowers used to fancy up a lot of downright foolishness.

JUST how this story of a half-crazed widow's willingness to marry again can be taken as evidence of a smiling and constructive attitude on Mr. Williams's part also eludes me. Widows, after all, have remarried before and will remarry again. Certainly it is no discovery to realize that life must be continued and must renew itself. Yet one thing I neither can nor wish to deny. Ridiculous as his plot may be, such is the magic of Mr. Williams's dialogue, such is the beauty with which he writes this scene or that,

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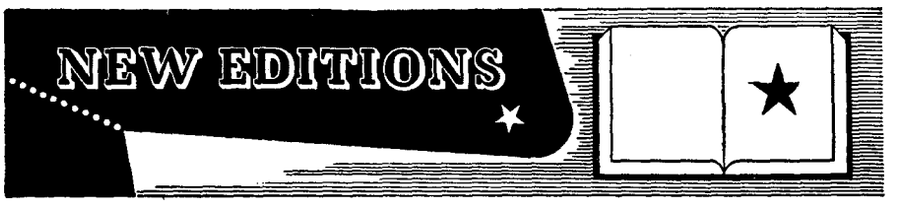
and so admirable is the acting and staging of his new play that "The Rose Tattoo" casts a spell while it is being seen. I know it did on me. Even when I did not believe in it, even when it seemed operatic in its absurdities I found myself listening. Its speech is properly volcanic for characters whose ancestors were born near Etna. Its intentional humor is colorful and pungent. Regardless, too, of how bogus its big table-thumping climaxes may be, Mr. Williams's writing of them has its hypnotic qualities.

Mr. Williams is a tantalizing dramatist. Although his gifts are many and unmistakable, his shortcomings are almost as manifest. His intuitive understanding of his characters is remarkable. So is the sensitivity with which he can develop such a scene as the fine one of the courtship of the sailor and the daughter. But he is a wasteful writer who has no disciplined sense of form or structure. His innumerable villagers, for example, never quite succeed in serving as the Chorus they were plainly meant to be. Mr. Williams is at his best when he writes simply and directly as an emotionalist and at his weakest when he is pretentious and carries symbolism to exasperating lengths. He sees, he hears, he feels, but he does not appear to think. Perhaps this is why, notwithstanding its rare qualities, "The Rose Tattoo" does not bear thinking about. It collapses under analysis.

What does bear thinking about, and retains its savor long after the curtain is down, is the brilliant manner in which Daniel Mann has staged "The Rose Tattoo," the excellence of Boris Aronson's setting, and the superior skill with which its principal parts are acted. Phyllis Love and Don Murray play the daughter and the sailor with a glistening tenderness and innocence. As the truck-driver, who is really Mr. Williams's ever-recurrent character the Gentleman Caller, this time with an Italian accent, Eli Wallach is wonderfully buoyant and naive. But the evening's outstanding performance is Maureen Stapleton's playing of the widow. She has a driving intensity. Hers is a passion that is all flame. Obviously she so believes in the part that she comes near to convincing even those of us who do not that it is all she thinks it is.

This leads me back to Mr. Williams's play which, in spite of its virtues, seems to me unworthy of all the skill which he and his associates have squandered upon it. It is empty at its center. False, too. If the ugly truth must out, it comes perilously close to being silly.

—John Mason Brown.



HOW many readers has G. K. Chesterton today, and how much of his work do they read? The answers are, I should guess, not many and not much. The Father Brown stories still have their admirers no doubt, and "Lepanto" will almost certainly be read as long as there are anthologies of English poetry. But the mass of Chesterton's writing is probably unknown already to rising, and even risen, generations of intellectually alert readers. Yet it was most stimulating writing not so long ago, and one has only to return to it to discover that it retains much of its original vitality. On my desk are five new editions that have been remindng me that Chesterton was one of the two or three most brilliant journalists of his era and at his best something more. The books are "Heretics," "George Bernard Shaw," and "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" (Devin-Adair, $2.50 each), "Chaucer" (Pellegrini & Cudahy, $3.75), and "The Catholic Church and Conversion" (Macmillan, $1.50).

The first contains fine specimens of what Chesterton could do when he was in characteristic, controversial, paradoxical vein. The pioneer study of Shaw (1909) voiced an early awareness of Shaw's basic consistency, his rather terrifying machinelike quality, and his alienation from the type of humanity that Chesterton loved best—"the old beer-drinking, creed-making, fighting, failing, sensual, respectable man." The story of local patriotism aflame on Notting Hill reveals the exuberantly fantastic side of Chesterton's mind, and a good deal of it is still great fun; but I am inclined to agree with what the author said in his autobiography—"I think 'The Napoleon of Notting Hill' was a book very well worth writing; but I am not sure that it was ever written." "Chaucer" gave Chesterton a chance to return to the Middle Ages, that he adored and defended on all occasions. It is no longer necessary to insist that these ages were not barbarous and benighted; and it must be admitted that Chesterton's view of the period is more sentimental than that of such specialists as G. G. Coulton, whose "Chaucer and His England" is available in a reprint of the fourth edition (Dutton, $4.50). "The Catholic Church and Conversion," by one of the Church's most doughty converts, is a perfect example of Chesterton's rare ability to combine flashing wit with profound sincerity.

He could also, with unusual success, combine paradox and truth. He was often accused of being merely superficially clever, but it is remarkable how often his famous paradoxes when read in their contexts with supporting arguments make the soundest sense. The supposedly superficial thinker was really a fundamentalist concerned primarily with "the problem of what is good," in an age that was intent on ducking such embarrassing questions. He insisted that "Nobody has any business to use the word 'progress' unless he has a definite creed with a cast-iron code of morals. Nobody can be progressive without being doctrinal." He was himself at once the most jovial and rigorous of moralists; however witty his sentences of condemnation and excommunication they were none the less severe and final. He denounced as evil ideas, attitudes, and historical trends that have played their parts in bringing us to the tragic plight in which we are. He was in short more than the journalist he was always proud to be.

FROM Paris, long a source of fine illustrated books, comes Charles Breyner—Charles Breyner Art Publications, 330 West Seventy-second St., New York City—with the determination to publish in this country beautiful books worthy of the best French tradition. The first volume to appear with the Breyner imprint is a handsome quarto, "The Poems of Edgar Allan Poe," with wood engravings in color and ornaments by J. G. Daragnès, printed in Paris from handset type on heavy, oyster-white, hand-colored marbled sides and end papers (limited to 999 copies, $25 each). Daragnès's twelve engravings are interesting, romantic responses to the stimuli of Poe's poems; and the type page, with its blue initials and running heads, is bold and clean. Dr. Breyner—who is apparently more interested in the artistic than in the financial aspects of his enterprise—has got off to a good start, and he should be encouraged to proceed with projects that include volumes illustrated by Marie Laurencin, Picasso, and Matisse.

—Ben Ray Redman.

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SRL Goes to the Movies

ONE UP FOR THE BRITISH

A scene in "Chance of a Lifetime"—"politics plays no part."

"CHANCE OF A LIFETIME" (Pilgrim Pictures, Ltd.) is a modest, seemingly unpretentious British film that looks as if it were made on a pencil-thin budget. There isn't a single studio set in its entire ninety minutes. A sizable portion of the film's £350,000 production cost went into a scrupulous study of conditions, attitudes, and even mannerisms of speech in at least seventy-five small factories all over England. The end product of this unusually painstaking research seems to me one of the most important human documents filmed anywhere since the war.

The subject—one few producers anywhere have dared touch without comfortably padding the issue with their favorite ideology—is the delicate balance between fellowship and mistrust that exists in any labor-management situation. The setting is a small farm-implement factory in post-war Britain. Austerity in the form of thinner "pay packets" and increased production schedules has shortened the tempers of the workers and driven their frantic boss to fire one of the men on a flimsy pretext. When the men walk out in protest the boss rhetorically invites them to step into his shoes and learn how tough it is running a plant. The men accept literally. Two of their number are chosen by straw vote to occupy the guv'nor's vacated swivel chair.

When the two worker-managers proved more than equal to their new responsibilities I was ready for the British Labor Party to get in a little discreet flag waving. When the erstwhile boss had to step in later to save his self-socialized plant from financial disaster I expected some sort of Conservative-sponsored moral. But the remarkable thing about "Chance of a Lifetime" is that politics plays no part in either its premise or solution. Management's pet cartoon figure, the perpetually disgruntled worker, appears complete with his organic grievance as a man who can sometimes become ludicrously querulous even in the eyes of his fellow employees. Labor's favorite caricature, the well-fed, whip-wielding boss, turns out to be a square shooter under his occupational tensions. What saves the factory in the end is a brand of common humanity which is not exclusive property either of a labor union or of management.

Bernard Miles, who also directed and co-authored the script, performs brilliantly as the factory's worker chief. Basil Radford as the dethroned boss and Niall MacGinnes, Julien Mitchell, and Kenneth More also deserve special mention in a cast that is uniformly outstanding. As director, Miles has achieved an off-hand naturalness in which humor and pathos are mixed in the paradoxical true-to-life proportions hitherto seldom achieved except by Italy's Rossellini and France's Marcel Pagnol.

Like the famous if as yet unwritten editorial which takes a firm stand against man-eating sharks, "Storm Warning" (Warner Bros.) effectively whales the daylights out of the hooded miscreants who beat up their neighbors in the name of the Ku Klux Klan. And as a Yankee dress model who is visiting her Southern kinfolk and inadvertently catches the Klan in the act of murdering a nosey newspaperman Ginger Rogers provides this organization with a shapely object for its sadistic designs.

Unfortunately for the film's highly touted crusading intent no mention is made of the fact that the Klan's usual victims are a good deal duskier in complexion than the blonde Miss Rogers. Steve Cochran as a Klansman who'd get out if he could, Doris Day, who finds no occasion to burst into song as his wife, and Ronald Reagan as a clean-cut county prosecutor do their best to make this melodramatic business plausible. And they get some help in the form of Stuart Heisler's direction and some fine photography. But I think the dilemma of Miss Rogers, exciting as it is in spots, is aimed more at breaking box-office records than it is at breaking a nefarious brotherhood.

* * *

During the German occupation French film producers were allowed to operate on at least a limited scale. One result of their efforts was a film called "The Raven," a disturbingly bitter account of the effects of a poison-pen artist on a small French town, which ran for a short time in this country two years ago. In "The Thirteenth Letter," Twentieth Century-Fox's remake of the same idea, the venomous letter-writer's scene of operations is adroitly transferred to a small town in Quebec.

In its present form, cleansed of surplus acidity, the story makes a thoroughly satisfying mystery yarn, one that manages in both plot and locale to avoid clichés. Michael Rennie and Constance Smith, comparative newcomers to the American movie scene, have a good deal to do with making this out-of-the-way whodunit as absorbing as it is. They get expert assistance from Linda Darnell and from Charles Boyer, who turns up unromantically as a bewhiskered French doctor. The veteran French actress Françoise Rosay also appears briefly. But despite this impressive cast and Otto Preminger's directorial prowess, I think the business of poison-pen correspondence seemed not only more frightening but somewhat more convincing when it was treated as nastily as it was in occupied France.

—RICHARD HOLDEN.

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TV and Radio

EVERY HOME A THEATRE

PHONEVISION is the name of a big wind in Chicago which threatens to blow away many of the established structures and patterns of entertainment in the United States, whether sponsored television and radio, motion-picture theatres, the crowded gallery at the Metropolitan Opera, or the bleachers at Yankee Stadium. Without much huffing or puffing or fanfare this development of the Zenith Radio Corporation is moving steadily forward into public awareness as a practical form of "box-office" or "subscription" television.

A subscriber selects a movie or eventually any form of entertainment, calls an operator on the telephone, and pays to enjoy the film on his television set at home. Non-subscribers who tune in the Phonevision channel see only a scrambled or "jittering" image. You have to pay to get the image unscrambled by a patented device on your set and telephone circuit.

The proponents of Phonevision argue that advertising sponsors alone, however large their bankrolls, can not support a full-scale national television system. They urge "box-office" TV as a second economic leg for the industry; and they argue further that with Phonevision the entire family can go to the latest movie of its choice for one dollar, the "admission" price being added to the telephone bill, without stirring a foot out of the house.

While technically perfectly feasible Phonevision is still in the experimental stage as far as Federal authorization, sustained public acceptance, or final economic validity are concerned.

The Federal Communications Commission authorized a ninety-day Chicago test, but major Hollywood film studios were reluctant to supply Commander E. F. McDonald, Jr., Zenith's president, with the necessary film product, and the test was postponed. The picture companies finally relented, constrained by the Government.

On February 8 Zenith released the figures of the test's first four weeks. Three hundred Chicago families, a sample group, had gone to the movies at home, at one dollar per show, on an average of "slightly more than twice a week . . . more than three times as often as the average American goes to the movie house."

Commander McDonald was willing to concede the weight of novelty; but the results were portentous however you looked at them, projected against the forty to fifty million TV sets eventually expected in American homes. The test finishes March 31.

I tried to think in tandem with Commander McDonald recently in his Zenith Radio Corporation office at 6001 West Dickens Avenue, Chicago; but the Commander—knowing all the answers, no doubt—wouldn't think his share out loud. I can't say I blame him. Zenith is playing for huge engineering and manufacturing patent-right stakes in Phonevision; and the FCC has still to approve the device for commercial use. Commander McDonald is sitting on a technological revolution, and caution is eminently the better part of discretion.

Will the FCC approve Phonevision for commercial use? The current test has been authorized merely to gather data which will show whether or not the public wants box-office TV. If Commander McDonald's final figures stand up and if the FCC means to approve Phonevision the commission will have to reverse itself. Several years ago subscription radio was proposed for certain metropolitan areas. A January 1951 Ohio State University survey of mass communication states:

> This was a creative proposal in the very best tradition of free competitive business enterprise. There was reasonable assurance that sufficient people would pay the small annual subscription fee for cultural and recreational radio programs devoid of advertising to make the venture a financial success. But because the plan seemed a blow at "free" radio controlled by the advertisers this bid by competitive-minded businessmen was so ridiculed by radio executives and so obfuscated by the Federal Communications Commission that it died aborning.

It seems rather obviously understandable that networks should oppose Phonevision, dependent as they are on advertisers for survival.

Individual station licensees may take a different attitude. These entrepreneurs will become the key figures in the picture if the FCC authorizes Phonevision. They may be in a position as owners of the limited number of time-periods available on the air to sell their time to sponsors with "free" programs or to motion-picture producers who wish to charge a fee for home movies via TV.

The Phonevision dollar is to be split three ways according to present plans—fifty cents to the program producer and twenty-five cents each to the broadcaster and the telephone company. A station owner who can make more in a given two hours on a subscription deal than he can make all week for the same two hours on a sponsored basis will choose the box-office proposition, if he is free to do so.

The economics from the viewpoint of the individual station owner are persuasive. For example, a major station in a metropolitan area gets about $3,000 for an hour of prime evening time from advertisers. It seems reasonable that in such a market he would be able to attract 100,000 viewers for a good movie of latest issue. From his share of the "admission" he would receive $25,000, compared with $6,000 from advertisers for the two hours' running time. Advertisers simply cannot meet such fees.

HOW often entertainments of this sort could be run, how much of the public will or can pay for its own choice in entertainment free of commercials (rather than free entertainment with advertising commercials) are questions still unanswered.

Another question is whether Hollywood film companies will go along with Phonevision or any other kind of "box-office" home TV system. Film executives generally view any home subscription system with suspicion because of the policing problems involved. If there is to be pay-as-you-see video they want to control it and they want it in the theatres.

The educational broadcasters ought to be thinking seriously about Phonevision, but they don't seem to be doing so. They tend to see in it only the extension of American movie standards to television. Actually, Phonevision could be the shoe to cover the Achilles heel of their plea to the FCC for a set-aside of TV channels for exclusive educational use—namely, the lack of big-time money to produce big-time shows. There is money in college sports. The public will pay heavily to see games of local as well as national interest. The schools could Phonevise their attractions over their own channels and on a strictly non-profit basis put the money back into educational programs.

"Needless to add," concluded Commander McDonald, "we will welcome comments and reactions from all industry groups and persons who have shown professional interest in this unique experiment—and I suspect we will get them."

I, too, suspect he will. And at that time a much fuller discussion of this complex subject will be in order.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Music to My Ears

BALANCHINE'S "LA VALSE" — FINAL "DON CARLO" — JERITZA

GEORGE BALANCHINE'S consistency as a creator of dance movement has given him a stature in the world of ballet which is much more of a reality than any words of praise or censure by a critic can be. Thus, when he puts his approval on a new work it has passed the judgment of an eye more penetrating than any writer's—which is to say, Balanchine's own. There are few contemporaries in any field in whom such confidence may be reposed.

The latest demonstration may be found in "La Valse" (to music of Ravel) currently being danced at the City Center by the New York City Ballet Company. Some opinion has found in it a new trend in Balanchine's style; to John Martin's eye, for example, it is a digression from Balanchine's past custom, which has been, in his opinion, to select a score of "such independent vitality that he can relax happily on its surface." That generalization would hardly include the Tchaikovsky Serenade for Strings and Stravinsky's "Orpheus" any more than Bizet's Symphony in C and the Chabrier music used in "Cotillon," all of which have provoked notable results from Balanchine.

As one who hears a ballet as consciously as he sees it I have always thought that Balanchine's profound feeling for music has inflected all his major works in an individual way. The difference with "La Valse" is that it is so widely dissimilar to the music that has usually interested him that this individuality is the more striking. As a detail one may cite the use of eight of Ravel's "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" as a preface to the longer "La Valse." These are designed as duets, trios, quartets, etc., not merely because the handsome costumes by Karinska urged their usage in more than the one way but because some pattern of movement had to precede the rather static beginning of "La Valse" itself. It is in a sense an inversion of the procedure by which Fokine used the first section of "Scheherezade" as an undanced overture to that ballet. Needless to say, Balanchine's procedure is the more difficult and artistically responsible.

Each of the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales" is a vignette of remarkable deftness, but the total effect is only apparent as "La Valse" gathers the various ends of impressions together in a swirling pattern both fluid and interesting. I deplore the stagey melodramatic moment at the end, but Ravel wrote it that way, and Balanchine found a reasonable balletic device to match the "disintegration" of the waltz in the scoring. For a not very important piece of music this is a balletic treatment both fresh and ingenious. Karinska's gray and peach and black and white costuming and the simple but subtle lighting by Jean Rosenthal all contributed to what, despite the individual excellence of Tanaquil LeClerq, Diana Adams, Patricia Wilde, Frank Hobi, Nicholas Magallanes, and Francisco Moncion, was essentially an ensemble accomplishment. For a company which started three years ago with only hopes it was an evidence of remarkable progress. Musically, too, the enterprise was superior, thanks to the attentive work of Leon Barzin as conductor.

* * *

In the manner of any astute impresario Rudolf Bing brought back "Don Carlo" for a final showing in late February at the Metropolitan, as if to remind us where he began sixteen weeks before. Since then he has given us several other works with a comparable amount of eye appeal; thus the shock-effect was not as great as it was originally. But its quality—as well as it qualities—can stand a bit of grateful recollection.

Neither Blanche Thebom as Eboli or Jerome Hines as Philip II was as impressive a performer as their predecessors Fedora Barbieri and Cesare Siepi, but the sense of an integrated production with a style of procedure and a balance of emphasis persisted.

Bing also brought back Maria Jeritza for a benefit performance of "Fledermaus" on Washington's Birthday. Between her gratis services and those of Eugene Ormandy and the orchestra the fund to underwrite next season's opera netted $16,000. An audience whose memories had been sharpened by the occasion gave Jeritza a heart-warming reception when the straw-blonde head came into view.

For this moment the eighteen years that had passed since Jeritza last performed at the Metropolitan were non-existent. But the evening's work she had taken on showed that even so stage-wise a performer as Jeritza could feel herself at a disadvantage: the spoken words were all but inaudible for much of the first act, the sung ones close to unlistenable. For the charitable impulse expressed Jeritza's effort may be commended, but it made for a rather disorderly "Fledermaus." Only Patrice Munsel, with her brassy, self-assured Adele, performed in isolated disregard for the loud but inaccurate outbursts heard when Rosalinda was active.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

"Some enchanted evening you may see a stranger . . ."

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm. Motion Picture

FILM LIBRARIES—IT TAKES ALL KINDS

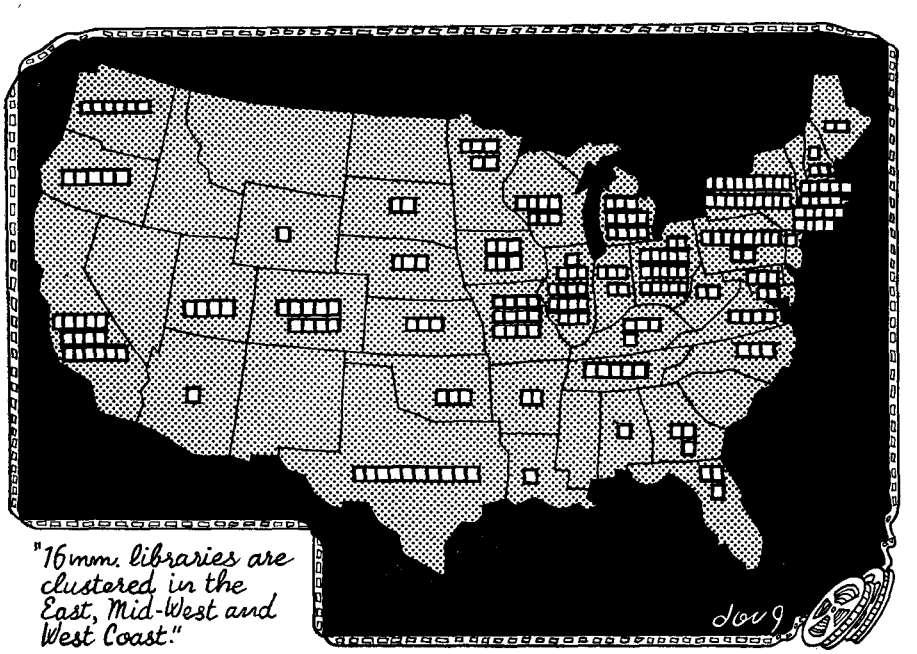
EDITOR'S NOTE: *To help create some order on the confused 16mm. distribution scene (see "Films, Films, Everywhere," SRL July 8, 1950) this department recently mailed a questionnaire to all known 16mm. libraries, asking for information on the types of films they circulate and further if they were interested in giving special attention to inquiries from SRL readers. From the replies to this questionnaire a list of 225 SRL Film Referral Libraries was compiled and published in the January 27 IDEAS ON FILM. Additional copies of the list are available upon request.*

This week we offer a few pointers about using 16 mm. libraries, based upon their answers to our questionnaire.

IF THE non-theatrical use of films is to play an increasingly active role in community life—and its growth in the past few years indicates that surely it will—good films must be easily available to the community. They must, in fact, be a part of the community. In compiling *SRL*'s first list of film libraries we are endeavoring to establish the 16mm. library more firmly as a responsible agency in the community and to provide our readers with substantial shortcuts in getting the films they want.

Sixteen millimeter libraries differ widely in size and scope and in the kinds of service they can offer the public. All those on the *SRL* Film Referral Library list are alike in that they maintain a varied selection of films for the use of the general public — films on many subjects from many different producers and distributors. All are important to *SRL* readers insofar as they serve in making worthwhile films available to the community groups for whom they are intended.

The business of producing and distributing films for purposes more specialized and enduring than passive entertainment is in its infancy, but it is growing. Those of you who read about the new "idea" films and use them can assist this growth to meet your own needs. As in helping a real child to grow up, this requires purposeful understanding, cooperation, and patience on your part. To use the film library list well you need to understand, for example, that no single film library can be expected to have every good film on hand. Where you live plays a part also in the quality of film service you can reasonably expect, for film libraries are not evenly distributed across the country. They are clustered around major cities of the East, Midwest, and West Coast, and if you live elsewhere you will probably have to deal with libraries some distance away to find variety and quality in films.



You need also to understand the differences in the kinds of 16mm. libraries that can serve you—the public libraries, those of the universities and other educational institutions, and the commercial film libraries.

It isn't news any longer that many public libraries in both large and small communities circulate films as well as books. The public library in this country has always been concerned with stimulating and meeting the intellectual and cultural needs of the community, and it has not been slow in realizing that films, recordings, and other audio-visual devices have their important function in communicating ideas, information, and cultural achievements. It is natural, then, that the film collections are centered around important adult interests—child care and family problems, health, the arts, government, travel, international relations, and other topics of general concern. These libraries usually have a number of worthwhile films for children's programs, too.

PUBLIC libraries lend films usually without charge, but only within their own towns or counties. You can borrow films from them only if you are eligible for a library card. Since there generally is no mail or other delivery service films must be picked up and returned by the borrower. Within these defined limitations, perhaps because of them, public libraries are doing a wonderfully creative job of bringing films to the community and stimulating their use by local groups.

In addition to the 100 public libraries which now lend films on library cards many more have established special departments where all kinds of 16mm. information are gathered for public use. In these film information centers you can expect to find film catalogues from many sources, film periodicals, pamphlets, and books as well as back issues of and indexes to *SRL*'s film pages. All of the public libraries on the *SRL* Film Referral Library list, however, are able to supply films as well as information.

The largest, most varied, and longest established film collections in the country are those of the state universities' extension divisions. As part of their program to strengthen the educational resources of the citizens of their states the extension divisions rent films at moderate rates to all sorts of off-campus groups. In general their collections duplicate and augment those of the public libraries, with heavier emphasis upon industrial, agricultural, and other vocational matters to help adults in earning their livelihoods and maintaining an increasingly better living standard. The university extension film libraries

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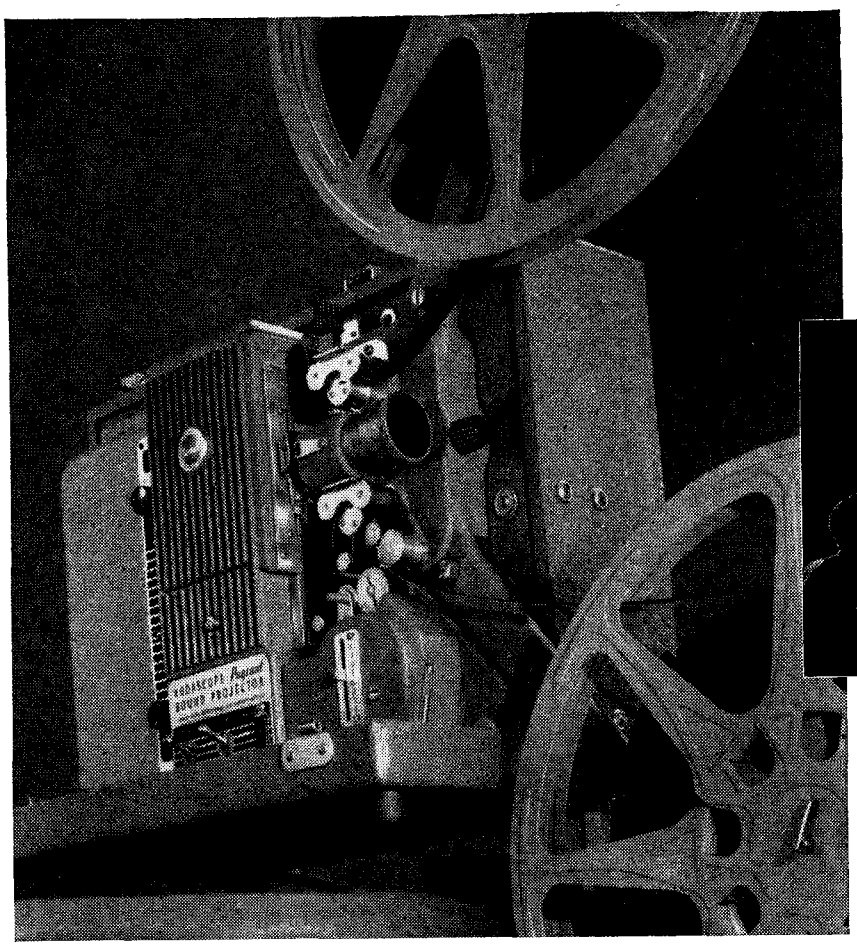

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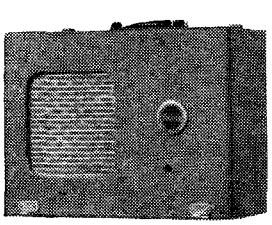

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serve large numbers of people throughout their states and environs, and film users are advised to request films as far in advance as possible.

Closely related to the university libraries are those of colleges and miscellaneous organizations (museums, state health agencies, religious, industrial, and labor groups) which rent their films at moderate fees, sometimes free of charge.

Local audio-visual dealers and some camera-supply shops rent and sell 16mm. films as well as projection equipment. Their film collections lean heavily on feature-length films, with Westerns, musicals, and mysteries generally outnumbering the "A" pictures. They are abundantly stocked with short subjects—cartoons, musicals, and religious, sports, and travel film.

Commercial film dealers in general, unlike the public library and university film people, are not primarily concerned with the well-being of the public. As businessmen they buy the films they think will bring profitable returns. Therefore as a film user you should let your commercial dealer know what kind of films you are willing to spend your money to rent. Chances are that he would like to have such films in his library, too. And if his name is on our *SRL* Film Referral Library list you can feel that he is interested in having you as a steady customer.

Even with the *SRL* Film Referral Library list and with this special information about using it there is still the need for initiative from you, the film user. And there is further need for your fullest appreciation of which films are worth bringing into your community and for your determined persistence in taking only the best. You will have to consult and compare several different libraries. Some will supply one service or one kind of film more satisfactorily than others. Libraries not included on our list can also be consulted, and as they notify us of their interest we shall add their names to revised lists in the future.

The *SRL* Film Referral Library list was prepared with the hope of helping more people get to see more good films, of helping more local film libraries in serving their communities and districts, and of helping national distributors in selling more prints. This is all it takes to enable the producers to continue making more and better films for adults who want to keep seeing, thinking, and learning.

—CECILE STARR & LILLIAN WACHTEL.

Lillian Wachtel, who aided in compiling the SRL *Film Referral Library list and in preparing this article, is a professional social worker and writer on film use by community groups.*

The Film Forum

CURRENT RELEASES — ***The Saturday Review's* Weekly Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films.**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The films listed below have been selected from among the many we have screened in the past few months as being significant for one reason or another. With our ever-present space problems, however, it is unlikely that the films will have a chance for full review in these columns. Occasional brief notices of this kind will serve, then, to introduce readers to a number of films of general or special interest.*

ALEXANDER CALDER. *(20 min., color)* A motion-picture exhibition of Calder's mobiles, relating these unique art forms to their counterparts in nature. Pictorially interesting enough, but the commentary and editing lag. Produced and narrated by Burgess Meredith; photographed by Herbert Matter; music by John Cage. Rented by the Museum of Modern Art Film Library, 11 West 53rd St., New York City.

AUBERVILLIERS. *(26 min.)* A stark picture of Paris slum life, produced by Eli Lotar in the style and pace of the early documentaries, with an outstanding musical background by Joseph Kosma. Available for rental from Cinema 16, 59 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

COSTA RICA. *(17 min.)* A comprehensive and coherent factual account of this Central American country—for schools and adult audiences. March of Time Forum.*

FRANKLIN WATKINS. *(30 min.)* A rather sensitive and careful photographic study of this Philadelphia painter at work; an inserted color sequence surveys his representative canvases. More enjoyable for its visual elements than for the narration. Produced by the Philadelphia Museum of Art; written and directed by E. M. Benson. A. F. Films.**

A FRIEND AT THE DOOR. *(27 min.)* Rural social-work activities in Canada, photographed against the great-outdoors landscape of British Columbia. Excellent of its kind. Directed by Leslie McFarland. Produced by the National Film Board of Canada and available for purchase and rental from its New York office at 1270 Avenue of the Americas.

JAPAN AND DEMOCRACY. *(18 min.)* A report on postwar Japan, calling to mind some of the many problems its people have to face in trying to make themselves acceptable to the democratic world. March of Time Forum.

MAN IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. *(17 min.)* Surveys our vast creative achievements in the past half-century and in contrast our increased capacity to destroy. A thought - provoking, well - rounded presentation. March of Time Forum.

PRIMITIVE ARTISTS OF HAITI. *(11 min. color)* Shows the artist-members of the newly organized art center in Port-au-Prince and some of their original works. Produced by Benoit-de-Tonnancour Films. Distributed for purchase and rental by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois.

THE PROMISE OF PAKISTAN. *(17 min.)* An informative over-all view of the resources and people of this new nation. March of Time Forum.

SHIPYARD. *(26 min.)* Paul Rotha's noted British documentary dating back to 1935; of special interest to film-study groups. Available in this country for rental only from Cinema 16, 59 Park Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

TALIESIN-WEST. *(10 min., color)* A film record of this famous Frank Lloyd Wright desert house; with a brief narration written by Wright himself, explaining some of his ideas about the relationship between modern art and nature. The production leaves a great deal to be desired, yet the film has some importance, being the only one on its subject. A. F. Films.**

A TIME FOR BACH. *(23 min.)* The contemporary Bach Aria Group rehearses informally before the camera. An introductory animated interpretation of baroque period by Philip Stapp and an interweaving photographic interpretation of modern complexities present the music and performers in a framework that is undeniably interesting yet lacking the absolute precision and impact that would have made this film as fine an achievement as its subject warrants. Produced by Paul Falkenberg; photographed by Boris Kaufman. A. F. Films.

UNDERSTANDING CHILDREN'S DRAWINGS. *(10 min.)* The motor, mental, and emotional development of children seen in relation to art—from joyous scribbling to intense concentration and sensitivity to design and concept. Of special interest to parents and teachers. Produced by Nathan Boxer and Avram Kamp. A. F. Films.

—C. S.

**March of Time Forum, 369 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.—for purchase only. For rental consult nearby* SRL *Film Referral Libraries.*

***A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.—for purchase and rental.*

For a copy of the list of SRL Film Referral Libraries please write to Film Department, Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(*Continued from page 13*)

the trouble to write his memoirs at eighty-three. However, Mr. Gerard has taken care of himself in such a generous way that much can be subtracted without doing him an injustice.

Arthur S. Link, a member of the history department at Northwestern University, is at work on a life of Woodrow Wilson, the first volume of which, "Wilson: Road to the White House," has already been published.

Newspaper Gal in Luck

HEADLINE HAPPY. By Florabel Muir. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 248 pp. $3.

By B. J. CHUTE

THIS IS the autobiography of a "newspaper gal," who has covered sensational stories for the *New York Daily News* since 1927. It is breezy, informal, and moderately entertaining, but unless the reader is able to share Florabel Muir's dazzled admiration for *Daily News* headlines he will find the excitement wearing pretty thin at times.

Miss Muir is obviously a brilliant reporter with considerable nerve, a sharp eye for details, and a lively style. Her outstanding scoops include the Errol Flynn and Charlie Chaplin trials, the Ruth Snyder-Judd Gray murder, and the story of Mary Astor's diary. To these presumably juicy tidbits she brings a remarkable affection. Two chapters are devoted to the Chaplin paternity suit; she tells in admiring detail the curiously cheap story of the *Daily News* photograph of Ruth Snyder dying in the electric chair; and her cheery comment on the Astor diary is that "a frank, personal introspection written by a human in the grip of uncontrolled emotions or desires . . . aroused the avid appetites of newspaper readers." This approach to human beings is bound to be mildly unedifying combined as it is with news-collecting methods which she herself describes as "beyond all sense of decency, but how those headlines sold the *Daily News*!"

There is interesting material, well-documented, on some of the major gangland feuds, with lively profiles of Willie Bioff and Mickey Cohen, the latter including one rather touching document in Cohen's letter to his neighbors when his house was

★

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The answer is stark and simple. In the short span of her three years, Christina has experienced more of human misery than most of us see in a lifetime. Her problems are basic and uncomplicated. She is hungry, and she is cold. She has never known anything else. This is the world to which she was born and—without help—this is the world in which she will die. Catherine, Christina's mother, cries because she knows this and can see no hope.

Because he is too sick to work, Christina's father earns $10 a month as a bootblack in Greece, a country where even bare necessities are prohibitively high. On this, he tries to support a family of five in a house with no furniture or facilities. Against the bitter Greek winter, they have but a few rags for covers, and only the clothes on their backs.

Other children of school age who are unable to go to school because they have no shoes or clothing, lose even that chance for a better life.

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bombed—"I would like to go on living quietly amongst you."

Miss Muir is unquestionably an expert in her chosen field and her writing is frequently vivid; but her occasional lapses into philosophizing are deplorable. For example, there is a sentimental interlude of communion with Nature following the Snyder-Gray trial when she fled from "the vapid questioning of the sightseers and the curious who craved the low-down on what happened in the courtroom" and was "sorely troubled by the ugly face of humanity." Dedicated to purveying this lowdown for the titillation of *Daily News* readers she is probably honest in her sudden revulsion to it, but in a book of this type the lamentations have a curiously tinny ring. This is not aided by her extraordinary remark that reporters are "like physicians who cannot weep for all the patients they fail to cure." Such lofty sentiments, which the medical fraternity might fail to greet with glad cries of brotherhood, could very well have been omitted from the text.

Miss Muir has accomplished what she set out to do, which is to tell the life story of a brilliant newspaperwoman, who has been involved in sensational—if now somewhat twice-told—episodes concerning big names. It is, however, perhaps sufficient commentary on the tone of the book as a whole to say that the last chapter deals with Judy Garland's suicide attempt and with Carole Landis's suicide. This chapter is titled "I Play in Luck."

Personal History Notes

THE PAPERS OF WALTER CLARK, 1902-1924. Edited by Aubrey Lee Brooks and Hugh Talmadge Lefler. University of North Carolina Press. $6. This second and concluding volume of Clark papers—the earlier dealt with the period from 1857 to 1901—covers his tenure as chief justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina, a tenure terminated only by death. Mr. Brooks had previously written a biography of Judge Clark; there is now available, therefore, a trilogy totaling some 1,500 pages—a worthy memorial to a jurist who served as spokesman for the liberal tradition in the face of the upsurge of monopoly. Born in 1846, Clark became a brevet lieutenant colonel in the Confederate Army—surely one of the very youngest soldiers ever to attain that rank (and Lee had no air arm). President Wilson considered him for the Supreme Court of the United States in 1914 but finally ruled him out as too old—Clark was sixty-seven. Clark was ruefully aware of the double irony that his youth had kept him from being a general and his age from serving on the highest bench. But these accidents of the calendar did not prevent him from rendering signal service to his state and to his country. —J. T. W.

FRITZ KREISLER. By Louis P. Lochner. Macmillan. $5. It is appalling to realize that although there have been book-length lives of pugilists, movie actresses, comic-strip originators—even of the automobile tycoon whose name is pronounced like Kreisler's—this is the first biography of one of the foremost composer-violinists of our century and one of the world's great men.

"Fritz Kreisler" is more than the story of a beloved genius born with music in his soul. It is a history of our times and a vividly personalized panorama of modern music. The lively little three-year-old who could read music before he learned his ABC's was reared in the leisurely, music-loving Vienna of the Hapsburgs where among his friends were Brahms, Hugo Wolf, Hoffmansthal, Anton Bruckner, and Arthur Schnitzler. Later, he was wounded in the war that ended the era and the empire of his childhood. Still later the world-renowned artist was to see his cherished fatherland robbed of its historic national identity and his Berlin home destroyed in Hitler's war.

As a composer the trail-blazing Kreisler has enriched the violinist's repertory. As a violinist he not only popularized the works of contemporary composers but revived and illumined the names of neglected and forgotten ones. A distinguished teacher of violin once advised his best pupil, "You don't need to hear many violinists . . . Kreisler has everything." In a technique-minded generation that is a memorable tribute to an artist whose technical splendor serves only as the tonal vehicle of a rare spirit, a spirit that has given meaning to our age. "His tone, the favorite violin tone of all time," Yehudi Menuhin puts it, "expresses the man." That man, childless, has with the help of his wife made the needy and the afflicted his children. Earnings from concerts, compositions, and recordings are used as a sacred trust fund not

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

HOUSES IN LITERATURE

After you have read the descriptions of these fictional residences, Mrs. Millard Ward, of Asheville, N. C., asks you to identify the story in which each appears and also to name the author. Allowing five points for each correct answer, a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, and seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 41.

1. This bachelor's house, beautifully run by his young girl ward, had many steps up and down from one room to another and many unexpected rooms with lattice windows.
2. Thistles covered the approach to this castle where a young knight met a poor and lovely girl. Archways were shattered and towers partly fallen.
3. Its walls beautifully colored with yellow stonecrop, this conservative English gentleman's house was a gem of Tudor architecture, but no carriage could be brought to the hall door and you entered the dining room directly from out-of-doors.
4. A weary traveler was amazed to see the richness of this palace with its brass walls, blue-crowned cornice, gold-plated doors, silver pillars and lintels. Two rows of sculptured gold and silver dogs lined the approach.
5. A visiting king enjoyed the fine air about this pleasantly situated castle—but not for long.
6. Though this Midwestern house was square, smug, and brown, with a gloomy bay window and curtains of cheap lace, the bride who was brought to it insisted, "I'll make it all jolly."
7. A large, handsome stone building on rising ground, this English house had rooms which, though lofty and handsome, showed that the owner's taste was not gaudy. The heroine, shown over it in his absence by his devoted housekeeper, received a favorable impression.
8. The tumultuous hero suffered great mental anguish because his mother kept boarders in this big, yellow, cheaply-constructed house, five minutes from the square in a small Southern city.
9. At the end of the story this house disintegrated completely from no natural cause.
10. This old New England house had an extremely irregular roofline.

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only for musicians in need but for mass victims of war and disaster.

Fritz Kreisler is a classical scholar, a humorist of parts, a dedicated book collector, and a talented pianist. Judging from his prose poem on trees, reprinted in this biography, he would have made an inspiring writer. Mr. Lochner has rounded out his volume with photographs, a discography, and a bibliography.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

LIFELONG BOYHOOD. By Loye Miller. University of California Press. $2.75. These "recollections of a naturalist afield" were first set down by Professor Miller in response to the demands of his sons, his students, and his colleagues at the University of California. Now in his seventies, he has been associated with teaching and research in biology at the university since he graduated from it about the turn of the century; but much of his career as a naturalist, dating back to his high-school days, has been spent in the field, on expeditions in Arizona, Mexico, Oregon, and off the coast from California to Panama. He writes with boyish enthusiasm but rather impersonally, perhaps because he is speaking to those who already know him in a certain way. The professor doesn't confide his intimate life to his students. It is characteristic of his recollections that he gets married in less than one line of a paragraph dealing with his curriculum at Berkeley.

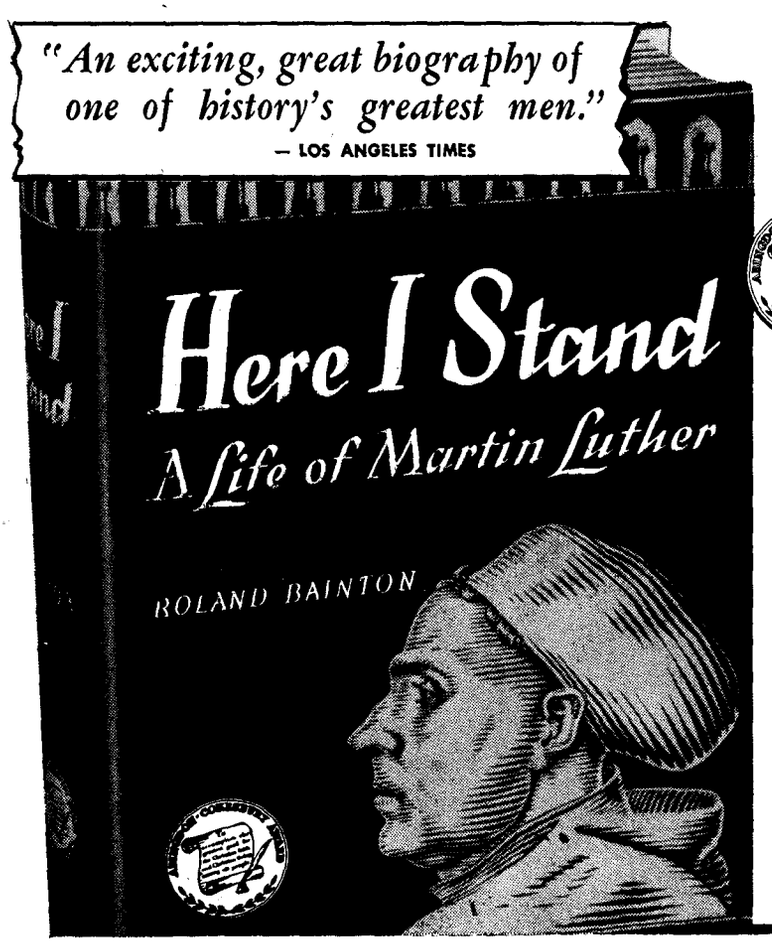
The recollections take up about three-quarters of the volume. They are followed by "selected writings," consisting of readable scientific papers on various aspects of ornithology and a lecture on "California's Ancient Bird Life." The whole is imbued with vigorous optimism and satisfaction in living.

—LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

MEMOIRS OF KING ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN. Translated by G. Khuri. Philosophical Library. $3.75. Abdullah is the second son of the sherif of Mecca, Emir Husain, who headed the Arab revolt dramatized for English readers by the pen and personality of Lawrence of Arabia. In 1915 the British Government undertook "to recognize and uphold the independence of the Arabs in all regions lying within the frontiers proposed by the sherif of Mecca" (with some exceptions), but the postwar settlement disappointed Husain. One son, Faisal, became King of Iraq, and Abdullah became Emir and (after 1946) King of Transjordan. The latter in this record of his life emphasizes his devotion to the cause of Arab unity and his conviction that it must be achieved under the Hashimite dynasty (descended from Muhammad the Prophet), of which he is a leading representative.

These memoirs were written for his own people, translated by G. Khuri, and edited with notes by Philip Graves. They are interesting and valuable but must be used with caution. Lawrence did not rate Abdullah highly—"In manner he was open, or affected openness," but he seemed "a tool too complex for a simple purpose." This openness of manner appears to good purpose here; the memoirs are sincere in tone, straightforward, moderate, and statesmanlike. But they lack fire and vision. This deficiency makes it easier to understand why after World War I Ibn Sa'ud of the puritanical South Wahabi dynasty defeated the Hashimites and annexed Hejaz and Nejd. Lawrence's judgment that Abdullah was "too balanced, too cool, too humorous to be a prophet" has been validated by events. But Abdullah has succeeded by prudence, industry, and British support in transforming his limited kingdom of Transjordan with its 400,000 people into a reputable state with a reputable Army, the famous Arab Legion trained by Glubb Pasha.

—GEOFFREY BRUUN.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SCHUBERTIAD		
Symphony SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #2. Boston Symphony, Munch. RCA Victor LP: LM 41 (10")		▶ Symphonies #1 to #6, now on way to popularity, are usually lumped as immature, "Haydn influenced." Actually, steady growth is clear through them—greatest "influence" to our ears: early Beethoven, and Schubert. Beethoven's brash contrasts, lumpish orchestrations are everywhere, but Schubertian flashes of melody ornament the semi-stock structural formats.
SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #3. Stuttgart Philharmonic, Van Hoogstraten. SCHUBERT: QUARTETSATZ IN C MINOR. Barchet String Quartet. Period LP: SPLP 517		▶ Symphony #2 is brash, youthfully boastful; atypical Schubert, perhaps the outward influence of early-Beethoven style, unassimilated. It's full of redeeming Schubert melodies, the last movement a really original piece. The #3, similar, is more naturally lyric, a bucolic "little Pastorale," clearly advanced in structure and idiom over #2. Munch's #2 is string-heavy, but playing is light, accurate, good. Van H.'s #3 is a fine job, the lovely wind writing beautifully projected. Though RCA's recording of #2 is excellent, Period's #3 on direct comparison is fuller, deeper, more transparent, a fine job.
SCHUBERT: SYMPHONY #6. Bavarian Radio Orch., Dressel. Mercury LP: MG 15003 (10")		▶ This #6 is most significant transitional work. Outwardly like other five, it is far advanced in structure and melodic depth. Early-Beethoven influence is suddenly mature, now an inner feeling; nowhere is Schubert closer to Beethoven than here. The scherzo, strikingly Beethoven, is a true Schubert masterpiece, easily equaling B. himself in this style, not matched anywhere else. A rough but convincing performance under Dressel. Recording basically excellent, but highs are unfortunately distorted with some hum trouble. Mercury should re-cut this for a better LP—it's worth it.
Piano and Strings SCHUBERT: FANTASIA FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO, OP. 159. Joseph Szigeti, Joseph Levine. Columbia LP: ml 4338 (½)	▶ As usual, Szigeti is up close, making for harsh tone, breath sounds; piano is full but in background, "off-mike." Hinders both artists' effectiveness.	▶ Somewhat long-winded, like other Schubert fantasias—but mature, advanced writing; four movts., including variations on his "Sei mir gegrüsst." Good, not inspired performance.
SCHUBERT: SONATAS, OP. 137, #1, #2, #3, FOR VIOLIN AND PIANO. Mischa Mischakoff, Erno Balogh. Lyrichord LP: LL 7	▶ Violin is excellent here, but piano is again in background with small, wooden tone, lacking bass. "Apartment" recording—deadish. Better piano would have made this first rate.	▶ A useful and enjoyable collating of the three works. Mischakoff's violin is full-toned, taut, not always crystalline enough for this music. Balogh is handicapped by recording.
SCHUBERT: PIANO TRIO #1 IN B FLAT, OP. 99. The Carnegie Trio. Program LP (Period): EXLP 703	▶ This is remarkably realistic, with tremendous presence, even though balance isn't ideal; piano is by far best of this group; strings very close. High level, very low distortion. A real "hi-fi" record.	▶ Musical, gracious playing—but this is gargantuan in sound, a kind of Brahms version of Schubert. Lacks accustomed lightness, yet isn't heavy either. Interesting, and a gorgeous sound, if unmatured.
The Big Quartets SCHUBERT: QUARTET #14 IN D MINOR ("DEATH AND THE MAIDEN"). SCHUBERT: QUARTET #15 IN G. Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. Westminster LP's: WL 50-52; 50-41.	▶ Two tremendous quartet recordings, done fairly close-to in a large, reverberant space; huge, symphonic sound, quite appropriate for this big music. #14 is bit thinner, sharper, #15 is positively orchestral. Both wide range, with low distortion.	▶ These Viennese performances are most musical, ingratiating, but a bit soft, untense, blurred for ears accustomed to precision and tautness of a Budapest; tempi on slow side. Still, music (with superb recording) was never more pleasing.
SCHUBERT: QUARTET #13 IN A MINOR. Fine Arts Quartet (Am. Broadcasting Co.). Mercury LP: MG 50065 (½) (With Mendelssohn, Quartet #1)	▶ This one is a top quartet recording, too—sharp, close, more intimate than above, but still with excellent presence, roundness, edge. Surfaces so-so.	▶ Here is the more familiar tense, accurate playing, from an American-based group—compare with Viennese Schubert above. Most melodious of the late quartets. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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NO ESSAYS, PLEASE!

(*Continued from page 19*)

man have a tendency to depersonalize him for the simple reason that they tend to disregard everything which a particular science cannot deal with. Just as medicine confessedly deals with the physical man and economics confessedly deals not with Man but with the simplification officially designated as The Economic Man, so psychiatry deals with a fictitious man of whom there would be nothing more to be said if he were "normal," and one branch of psychology deals with what might be called the I.Q. man whose only significant aspect is his ability to solve puzzles.

LITERATURE is the only thing which deals with the whole complex phenomenon at once, and if all literature were to cease to exist the result would probably be that in the end whatever is not considered by one or another of the sciences would no longer be taken into account at all and would perhaps almost cease to exist. Then Man would no longer be — or at least no longer be observed to be—anything different from the mechanical sum of the Economic man, the I.Q. man, and the other partial men with whom the various partial sciences deal. Faced with that prospect we may well look with dismay at the disappearance of any usable literary form and wonder whether or not we have now entered upon a stage during which man's lingering but still complex individuality finds itself more and more completely deprived of the opportunity not only to express itself in living but even to discover corresponding individualities revealing themselves in the spoken or the written word.

That the situation could be radically altered by the cultivation of the familiar essay I am hardly prepared to maintain. Its disappearance is only a minor symptom. Or perhaps it is just a little bit more than that. At least there are a number of subjects which might profitably be discussed by fewer experts and more human beings. They might achieve a different kind of understanding of certain problems and they might lead to more humanly acceptable conclusions. "Most of my friends seem to feel that . . ."

Joseph Wood Krutch, Brander Matthews professor of dramatic literature at Columbia, has written his share of familiar essays, which have been published in such volumes as "The Twelve Seasons."

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—*Wilbur Daniel Steele*

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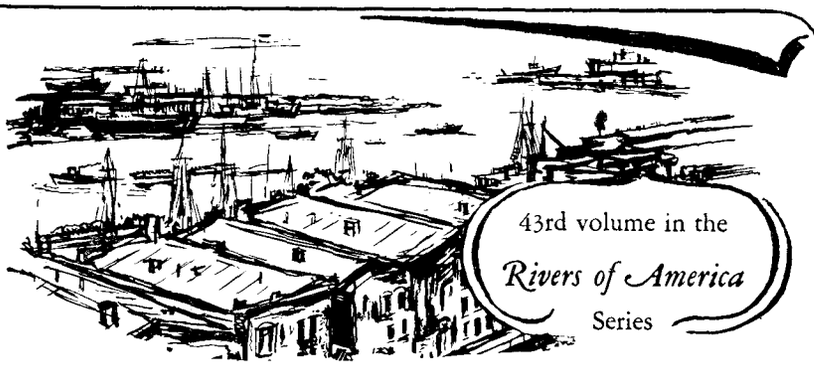

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BOOKED for TRAVEL

RETURN TO THE REICH—I

MUNICH.

IT took me nearly three years to get into Germany the first time. This trip lasted nineteen hours, New York to Munich. The first time the Army had to draft me, clothe me, train me, bounce me back and forth across the United States a few times before it sent me overseas. Then the Army and I had to make our way over France, into Belgium, across the panhandle of Holland. My war diary says we entered the Reich at a grimy metropolis known as Ubach Zwei, north of Aachen, in October 1944. A few days ago aboard a Constellation of the Royal Dutch Airlines we chewed up the distance between Long Island and Prestwick, Scotland, in ten hours, made Amsterdam in five, zoomed over Frankfurt in an hour and a half, and rolled to a final rest in Munich a little over an hour after that.

Of that first GI trip six years ago I recall very vividly that our kitchens had difficulty keeping up with us. The mess sergeants had to improvise with C rations, a meal which came in two cans. One tin held dry provisions—crackers, soluble coffee, cigarettes, and chewing gum. The other was a prefabricated main course—meat and vegetables, frankfurters and beans, or spaghetti and meatballs. The mess boys boiled the tins in a huge garbage can, and when you queued up for meals the KP dug a shovel among the boiling cans and ladled out one for you. In this fashion you were likely to come up with an empty stomach in the morning and be handed a hot can of beans and frankfurters for breakfast.

On this peacetime trip KLM maintained a continuous procession of stewards and hostesses running between the galley and the passengers with cocktails, a luncheon that lasted three hours, in-between snacks, Holland chocolate, chewing gum, hopjes, Bols gin, and cigarettes. "This may be the airline of the Flying Dutchman," said Henry MacLemore, who writes a column for the McNaught Syndicate, "but it looks more like a flying delicatessen."

From the peacetime air Germany is many clusters of red roofs connected by a tiny black train that skitters among the clusters and leaves a trail of white smoke, as if it were a wounded sky writer that had lost its wings and had to crawl along the ground. Aboard the flying delicatessen one is asked to fill out a *Devisen Kontrollerklärung*, a four-page questionnaire that asks about you and the money you carry. Somehow you resent being questioned by the functionaries of the conquered. And tourists who resent it too much may, by occupation law, insist that their baggage be examined in the presence of a U. S. Army military policeman.

Munich is a ruin. The sightseeing barker is careful to point out where the Allied planes bombed the museum, where the Allied planes bombed the university, where the Yankee bombs fell on the cemetery. And he looks around with the faintest flicker of a wry smile to search for embarrassment in your face. A city plan of Munich printed in English ticks it off: Army Museum, destroyed; Chinese Tower, destroyed; State Library, destroyed; Glyptothek, destroyed; Old Pinakothek, destroyed; New Pinakothek, destroyed; Volkstheater, destroyed; Town Museum, destroyed.

UNBOMBED was the old Nazi Party headquarters, now an information center and called America House. The beer hall where Hitler formed the party in 1923 is an American snack bar complete with Coca-Cola sign and guarded by German service troops in American Eisenhower jackets and helmet liners all dyed dark blue. And in the midst of the scattered bricks, which even in six or seven years have not been cleaned up, stands a lone, undamaged shaft, a monument surmounted by a winged figure. The barker says it is called the Angel of Peace, and this time there is no smirk and no searching look.

Thomas Wimmer, the *oberbürgermeister* of Munich, a dusty old man in an ill-fitting blue chalk-striped suit, says that it will take 75,000,000 marks a year to restore Munich to the way it was before the war. "If we spend that sum every year for fifty years, by the year 2000 we will be back where we were in 1939." It is not exactly clear whether he is indicting the American bombers or deploring the Nazis who started the war.

The west mark averages roughly four to the dollar, but in buying power and comparative wages the Germans consider the mark and the dollar at par. Skilled labor in Bavaria earns perhaps 400 marks a month, unskilled labor 250 to 300. They tell you that for a German prices are fantastically high, but the open-air market in Munich is filled with butter, cheese, plump geese, and eggs that sell for eighteen pfennig each or approximately fifty-four cents a dozen, American. And on every corner there is a cart piled high with oranges imported from Spain and Italy.

One of the thirteen *stadtrats* of Munich, a job that compares with an American town selectman, told me that the most pressing problem of the occupation was not the imminence of

—*Horace Sutton.*

The open-air market in Munich—"eggs fifty-four cents a dozen, American."

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Russian invasion or a cold and foodless winter or the rebirth of Nazi cells. No, it was the black market being operated by DP's—Czechs, Poles, Rumanians, and Jews who fly back and forth between Munich and Israel with contraband. It was an outrage, he said, that these *Juden* were not subject to German law and were protected by the United States Army.

In the second place, the *stadtrat* said, the Americans were occupying too many civilian homes. They were also trying to impose the American way of life on Bavaria, a feat he considered quite impossible. "American authorities want to take young Bavarians," he said, "and turn them into cobblers and barbers—immediately. Bavarians are used to undergoing a long system of apprenticeship. Enterprise can be too free. It will upset the economy!"

Among Munich's 800,000 citizens there is no work for more than 35,000. But the *stadtrat* would rather keep them unemployed than try to change the system. The unemployed cannot even be used to clean the rubble because the municipal government would then have to pay them more as workers than they are given as unemployed. The people remain without jobs and the guts of the wrecked buildings remain where they were spewed.

FOR the tourist who looks beyond the wreckage and the resentment Munich is a center for pleasant trips to Garmisch-Partenkirchen, to Oberammergau, to Berchtesgaden, and over the border to Salzburg. Buses run out to the Tegernsee, where in towns like Bad Wiessee and Egern (about which Jerome Kern once wrote a song for "Music in the Air") you can stay in a small lakeside hotel for about three dollars a day, meals included.

Munich itself, as the center of Bavaria, sticks to its outlandish customs with a fervor that would do honor to a Texan. There is, in the first place, the local hat, which may be either a jet-black number enhanced by a kelly-green ribbon or else any kind of a Tyrol creation decorated with a brush or a high-arcing feather. Many Bavarians grow long woolly beards in which they secrete pipes that frequently run a foot in length. The policemen walk with dogs in Munich, and the populace chugs through life on a tank that is kept full of beer.

One of the most interesting places to drink beer in Munich is the Hofbrauhaus, a huge cavern of a saloon where the management dispenses lager by the liter (about one and a tenth U. S. quarts) and sells about 5,000 liters a night. A Bavarian band plays in mid-floor, there are always several drunks and several fights, and

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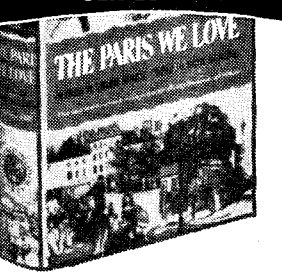

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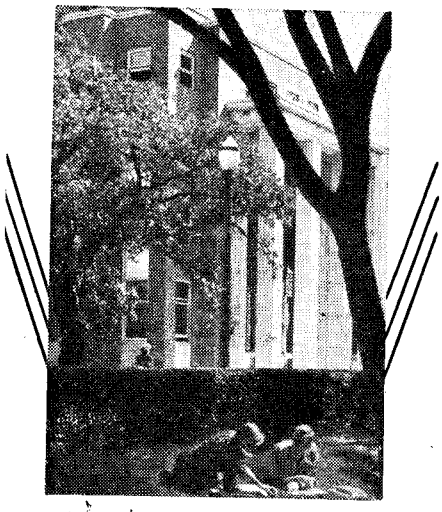

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the guilts of the past wars float up on a sea of malt. Upstairs there is a restaurant which specializes in such Bavarian fare as big, bloated blood sausages and sauerkraut.

THINGS are a good deal more decorous if less earthy at Schwarzwälder's Natur Weinhaus, a magnificent, paneled restaurant at Hartmannstrasse 28, where the menu opens to a sheet the size of a tabloid newspaper. Anyone who fancies himself hungry in Germany can choose from among about one hundred and fifty items. *Jungschweinskotelette gebraten oder gebacken mit Brüsseler Chickorée-salat und pommes frites* comes to three marks seventy-five, less than one American dollar. And the British might wonder about war and the spoils thereof when ordering *roastbeef, engl. gebraten*, thick, rare, and unrationed at two marks seventy-five, not to mention *tartarbeef-steak mit Ei garniert* for the same price.

The best hotel in Munich is the Bayerischer Hof on the Promenadeplatz. It was badly hit, and you walk in today through a temporary entrance, down a temporary hall covered at the portal by an old Persian rug. Wing by wing the hotel is being put back together again. The rooms are clean, the plumbing is new, and steam slips silently from the radiators. Somewhere in the intricate maze of halls there are 300 rooms, and the best one at the top of the season will cost you six American dollars. For breakfast there are orange juice, black bread and white, sweet rolls, eggs any way you want them, and ham or bacon. The service is bustling, efficient, even cheerful. Willy, the fifteen-year-old bellhop who would never let you walk with a bag in your hand or put on a coat unaided or push through the door without help, came down to our departing bus with the luggage. To the Americans he smiled and waved and in his new-found English he shouted, "Goodbye Everything!"

—HORACE SUTTON.

This is the first of two articles on present-day Germany by Horace Sutton. The second will appear in the issue of March 24.

TRAVELERS' TALES

ALL ABOUT SPAIN. By Georgia Long, Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50. This first American guidebook on Spain since the war is a straightforward, unsmiling, academic study that is as timely as it is handy. Georgia Long writes with assurance and authority about a country which, as she says, long ago pulled the isolationist cape about itself. Since customs and habits are both different and little-known it will be well for the Spain-bound tourist to be apprised that dinner is served at ten in the evening and nylon hose, should you have forgotten yours, will cost you ten dollars a pair in Madrid. Miss Long provides a simple, very clear-cut explanation of Spain's history up to the present time.

HARRY DIX

My chief quarrel with that—and with the book—is her absolute whitewash of the Franco Government. General Franco, she says, "accepted help from both Fascist Italy and Nazi Germany for reasons similar to those which led the United States to make wartime alliances with Russia." Spain is being admitted back into the fold for reasons of military expediency, but I should have liked to have heard Miss Long's views on how the American tourist can reconcile himself politically in a land which we presume to be a Fascist dictatorship.

FABLED SHORE, From the Pyrenees to Portugal. By Rose Macaulay. Farrar, Straus & Young. Rose Macaulay has written a very literate adventure-travel story of her trip by motor along the Spanish and Portuguese Mediterranean coast. She writes with intelligence and frequently with wit of two countries about which she has read and studied and also written before. In no sense a guide, the book does provide such factual elements as the cost of rooms, which Miss Macaulay gives in pesetas and shillings. She also does a rather complete analysis of the people, province by province, telling you who they are politically, culturally, and racially. And more often than not she does as much for the architecture.

—H. S.

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man advance through the Lowlands and Felicity was seeing grim service as a London fire warden. Willie, who had given his life to preparation for war, was left out. But in the end by a poignant turn of fate he had his dream. In death he became a vital part of the strategy of the Secret Service.

Though Duff Cooper is a veteran biographer, this short novel is his first book of fiction. It seems the work of a man of action—it is always direct, concrete, economical. Willie Maryngton is thoroughly understood; he is a very simple man, and his story is appropriately told in plain statement, without analysis or subtlety. The other people in this novel are individual and living; each one comes quickly to reality and stays alive in a reader's imagination. There is a convincing interplay of characters, and the startling climax is thoroughly effective.

A modern novelist keeps himself out of his novel, and the remarkable irony of this story is achieved by allowing Willie Maryngton to be himself without interruption or reproof. He is both touching and mistaken. As late as 1942 he can still say: "I agree with the chap who said English can be understood anywhere if spoken loud enough." No subtlety is needed to portray this impervious man, but the entire story is a skilful, subtle, and complete rebuke of the nineteenth-century mind in the twentieth century.

Fiction Notes

THE WHOLE ARMOR. By Faith Baldwin. Rinehart. $3. This novel of a young Protestant minister in New York may surprise some of Miss Baldwin's thousands of enthusiastic readers. But they will certainly enjoy it, for the practised pen which has turned out an amazing number of glittering romances does not fumble over a spiritual theme.

Paul Lennox, one year of whose life is developed in some detail, had succeeded to the pulpit of a prosperous New York church. He was kept busy, for he believed in being available to anyone who had need of him day or night. His very size and strength, his good looks and vitality were comforting to those who turned to him. Behind the young man lay a happy childhood with a lovable father, himself a preacher, and an understanding stepmother; a satisfying career in college; an appointment to a first church which had proved the rightness of his choice of the ministry; and war service which had broadened his experience and sympathies.

Ahead of him could lie an equally happy life, for attractive Connie Marshall was in love with him. Intelligent, able, sensible, and lovely to look at, Connie would have made a wonderful wife for almost anyone but not, Paul Lennox thought, for a minister —not for him. As Paul Lennox's relationships with his parishioners, the ones whom he could help, those whose problems he misjudged, are unfolded it becomes apparent that it is pride which is the chink in his spiritual armor. He is wise, compassionate, and confident in dealing with others' crosses but finds it agonizingly hard to lift up his own.

In this struggle of a man toward emotional maturity and affirmation of personal faith Faith Baldwin has, whether intentionally or not, drawn the prototype of the minister (the denomination to which he belongs is carefully not specified) zealously concerned for the mental, emotional, and psychological happiness of his flock. He might equally well be psychiatrist, doctor, wise lawyer, or old family friend. Her sincere effort to portray man in search of himself is not questioned. It is a quest from which all mysticism is lacking.

—Pamela Taylor.

JOURNEY TO THE DAWN. By Charles Angoff. Beechhurst Press. $3.75. Mr. Angoff's history of a family of Russian-Jewish immigrants in America has a great deal to offer to anyone unfamiliar with that very special kind of life and thought which they wore about them and still wear like an aura down to the third generation. The Polonskys of whom he writes come from the ghetto of the Czar's Russia and settle in Boston—as did Mr. Angoff's own family. Here, of course, they come upon the characteristic experience: they and their ancient culture are islanded amidst the new. They must deal with it, which can only mean a series of con-

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 884)

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS:
A BOY'S TOWN

(From H. S. Commager: "Selections from William Dean Howells")

The Young People may have heard it said that a savage is a grown-up child, but it seems to me even more true that a child is a savage. . . . He dwells on an earth round which the whole solar system revolves . . . himself the center of all life.

". . . so good that it is in the realm of the impregnable."
—JOHN P. MARQUAND*

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—Henry Seidel Canby, Clifton Fadiman, John Marquand, Christopher Morley

*From a review in Book-of-the-Month Club News**

James Jones

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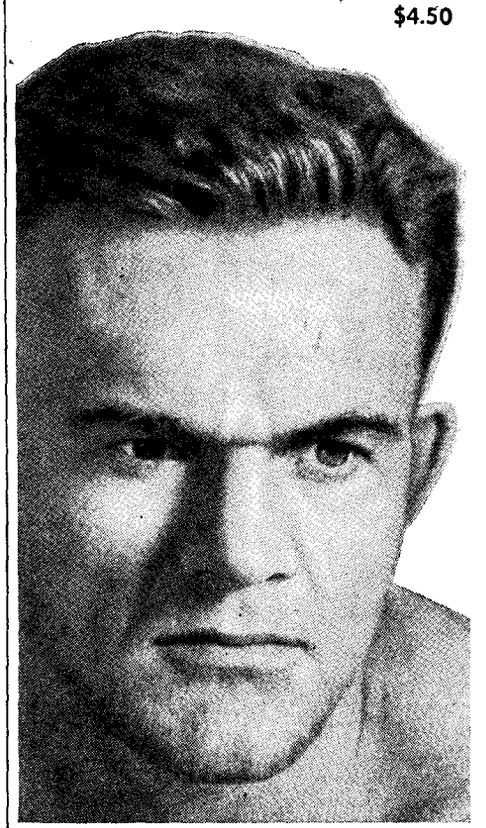

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ARTHUR CROOK meets a lady who has a skeleton in a closet... her own!

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cessions to expedience, dilutions of their strong, rich strain of custom in the general wash of the alien land. But while they the elders cling desperately and with faith to what they can, the next generation bends more easily and with less regret to fit the New World pattern. They have not the spiritual comfort their fathers know. Bright, eager, intellectual, and rootless, they face the impossible task of conformity in its second phase.

It is, as I have said, the characteristic experience exactly as it has been recorded many times before set down here again in comprehensive and comprehending detail. But more than that it is tenderly done. This gallery of portraits, so many facets—gay and old and gnarled and passionate—of the Russian-American Jew, all so very much alive, is plainly a labor of devotion and remembrance. It is also, we learn, the first volume of a projected trilogy to carry the Polonskys a generation further and into the last and current phase of their American life. —NATHAN L. ROTHMAN.

RUN FOR YOUR LIFE. By James Whittaker. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. First this novel is the story of Jessie Meadowbrook. When she becomes pregnant by worthless Fred Wheatwright, brother-in-law of her sister Catherine, it seems a roundabout answer to the prayers of Catherine and Ralph Wheatwright. This couple, childless, have been frustrated in adoption channels, first by economic limitation and then when the slot machines in their store have solved this problem by the moral taboo that accompanies the machines.

Secondly, there is Warren Leroy, handsome and smart, married above his own economic level to a neurotic and self-righteous woman. Warren's much-needed success as a Chrysler salesman gets caught up with the slot-machine outfit, and the common factor causes the Meadowbrook-Wheatwright-Leroy destinies to tangle inextricably. Those of Jessie and Warren play themselves out through a rich story line to a slam-bang climax.

The factors involved are bastardy, bigotry, gambling, marital tangles, and murder. The larger community background, including city politics, business, and the American Legion, together with a number of minor themes and motifs give Mr. Whittaker large scope for comment on American mores and folkways. But he refrains from the intrusive, polemical method, allowing his comments to be implicit in his story. And insofar as Jessie and Warren become outlaws or criminals by technical definition, his main comment is the classic, "There but for the Grace of God—"; or as the King of Spain is reputed to have said about the Fatty Arbuckle case, "It might have happened to any of us."

The question of probability is crucial in such a book as this. Human nature being what it is—and Mr. Whittaker understands very well what it is—the probability factors may

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH TAKES SMALL BITES *George H. Johnston* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50).	Newsman Cavendish and nurse Charmian Anthony meet up on the Burma Road and perils begin, including an avalanche, bullet-showers, plague, kidnappings, torture, incredibly sadistic Chinese.	Unsettling combination of chill-provoking descriptive writing and conversations almost laughably childish; but adventures valid for suspense and China atmosphere real; end slumps badly.	Good start, bad detour
LADY DON'T DIE ON MY DOORSTEP *Joseph Shallit* (Lippincott: $2.50)	Peggy Clark (Rittenhouse Square), full of sex and management, gets it in Morison's Philadelphia gym; Morison sleuths among other rapid-fire murders, squash, and healthy suspicions in all directions.	Hardboiled, fast, plausible with a lift in the language, though muscleman Marison can wisecrack rather astoundingly even when fist-battered by the enemy.	Good—if swallowed without thinking
TICKET TO BUFFALO *Amber Dean* (Crime Club: $2.50)	After hasty marriage in Washington Tammis and Scott, honeymooning, stop in Buffalo where suspicion roused that Scott's father's death was not suicide precipitates wild adventures.	Heroine uncertain about her husband and about everything, but that unfortunately doesn't stop her from being a silly filly tripping over intuitions.	Lively as a flea—if you like fleas.

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seem satisfactory to many or most of his readers. Yet to me the decisions made by the characters seem predetermined. This book shows us what society did to Jessie and Warren; but I am not convinced that they need have, or would have, followed many of their astonishing courses if Mr. Whittaker were not determined to show how society hunted them down. Yet it is fair to add that Mr. Whittaker acts always as a storyteller and not as an axe-grinder.

In sum, "Run For Your Life" is a knowing, exciting tale of life in these United States. —EDMUND FULLER.

THE CHINA RUN. By Neil Paterson. Random House. $2.75. Neil Paterson's new collection is a refreshing example of what we may hope is a trend. Here are stories artfully constructed, dealing with full-bodied characters in significant situations who work out their dilemmas in terms of suspenseful dramatic action.

There are eight tales in this volume, and they are widely varied in mood, theme, and setting. The title story is an engrossing novelette covering the life of a Scots woman of a century ago. Emotionally more liberated than other women of her times she takes over her husband's ship on his death and commands it through the dangerous waters of early nineteenth-century world trade. Her equally unconventional romance with a Yankee skipper compounds her notoriety. Though she finally settles down to a life of comparative respectability, the author permits us a final, gently ironic glimpse of the wilful, indomitable spirit she preserved behind the façade of capitulation to the mores of her time. The story is a sheer delight, rich and warm.

Of the shorter stories in the volume I commend particularly "My Friend Joseph," a brisk tale of the demi-world of London prize fighters, newspaper men, and sports gamblers, and "Scotch Settlement," a compassionate tale of childhood on a Canadian farm. "The Life and Death of George Wilson" is a mordant little tragedy, set in the colorful world of a cheap carnival. Only one of the stories — "Crowning Glory," dealing with the secret life of a professional beauty— falls short of the generally high quality. Mr. Paterson is at his best when he deals not with the sophisticate but with the simpler world of the bullfighter, the boxer, the carnival performer. Here compassionate understanding leavens the humorous irony that is his persistent note. But his most notable characteristic in every tale is his rediscovery of story as an element in storytelling.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

LETTER TO SIMONOV

(*Continued from page 9*)

the most unhating people in the world. Even when they had been stirred to hatred as against the Germans during the war years they soon got over it, as witness the readiness of so many Russian girls to marry German war prisoners shortly after the war was over. Was that the reason, Mr. Simonov, why your Government passed a law banning the marriage of Soviet citizens to foreigners? Is that the reason or one of the reasons "cosmopolitanism" has become an epithet of abuse, when we and especially your own people had once thought it a term of approval, meaning one who was at home among all peoples, an internationalist?

PERMIT me to state, Mr. Simonov, that, disturbed as I am by the recent course of events in Russia, I have not changed my basic interpretation of the Russian Revolution, as I evolved it in the years before the war and in the course of my service as a correspondent in Moscow during the war. Nor have I altered my heartfelt affection for your remarkable people, whom I shall admire and cherish to the end of my days. If I had to do it over I should write all the books I have written in just the way I have written them. Considering the periods of the Revolution with which they are concerned and the circumstances under which I wrote them (the happiest of which was freedom of travel even to remote villages which I shared with all other foreign journalists) I could do no differently. I have always accepted your Revolution not as a Communist Revolution or Socialist or international but essentially as Russian —though never had I imagined that its Russianism would revert to such chauvinistic and sometimes truly barbaric forms as it has since the war. If I have been harsh in my criticism of the tyrannies of the Revolution, I am not blind to its stupendous creative forces.

Because I always shunned your leaders and never once wrote a letter to Stalin seeking an interview with

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Dickens: Bleak House. 2. Tennyson: Idylls of the King. 3. Trollope: Barchester Towers. 4. Homer: Odyssey. 5. Shakespeare: Macbeth. 6. Lewis: Main Street. 7. Austen: Pride and Prejudice. 8. Wolfe: Look Homeward, Angel. 9. Poe: House of Usher. 10. Hawthorne: House of Seven Gables.

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him but chose to learn about your country and your people by personal association with them, the record of my prognostications about Russian policy and conditions is, if I say so myself, quite creditable. Back in 1923 it was fashionable to say that the Soviet Government was certain to fall because it never could solve the economic problems of the country. The year I spent in Russia convinced me that this was poppycock.

Again, although I was not blind to the terrors of collectivization I could see that it was forging one of the mightiest military weapons that Russia had ever had. My conclusion was based on two facts which would have been obvious to any foreign diplomat had he, like myself, bothered to visit the villages. These facts were: the tractor was rapidly making the peasant youth mechanical- and engine-minded; and state control of production and distribution of food, despite the peasant's loud resentment, would in time of war prevent the collapse of the food supply for the Army, as happened during World War I.

In September 1941, when the German Army was rolling closer and closer to Moscow, I published a book called "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia." A year later I wrote another book, "Russia and Japan," the opening sentence of which reads: "A war between Russia and Japan is as inevitable as was the war between Russia and Germany."

My study of Russia has failed me, in one notable respect: I did not believe the Kremlin would interfere in Czechoslovakia. Not only Benes' and Masaryk but also Klement Gottwald and Rudolf Slansky, Czechoslovakia's foremost Communists, assured me again and again that Stalin had warned them not to build their Socialism according to the Soviet formula, because the history of their country was different from Russia's. I believed their words and Stalin's warnings to his disciples in Prague, and I was wrong.

I have made another bad error. During my war years in Moscow soldiers and generals, writers and Party members, widows and mothers—indeed everyone—kept saying: "No more wars—nothing but friendship with the whole Western world and especially with America, because our devastated country needs American machines as desperately as during the prewar Five Year Plans." Again I was naive to discount the things that victory and power might do to your rulers in the Kremlin. I am not saying that they alone are to blame for the violent antagonisms between East and West that broke out in the postwar years. But I do maintain that Moscow and only Moscow is responsible for the stupendous rearmament program on which America is now launched.

Now I shall venture to make another prognostication, Mr. Simonov. But first I'd like to call your attention to an illuminating, indeed an historic, statement that appeared in your biweekly *Bolshevik* on April 30, 1949. You know, of course, that no publication, even *Pravda*, is more authoritative on Soviet politics.

G. Obichkin writes in this article: "In the wake of the USSR, the countries of Central and Southeastern Europe — Bulgaria, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Czechoslovakia, Albania— are now on their own way to Socialism. . . . In these countries, *blagodarya reshayushtshei pomoshtshui* (thanks to the decisive help) of the Soviet Union regimes of People's Democracies have been established, which successfully fulfill the functions of the dictatorship of the proletariat." Do you, Mr. Simonov, still expect the world to believe your Generalissimo's oft-repeated assurances, made with particular emphasis to Harry Hopkins, that Moscow neither would nor could impose its own brand of Russian dictatorship on other countries?

Here, then, is my prediction. If there is another Czechoslovakia in Europe —by which I mean another nation that with the decisive help of the Kremlin achieves a "people's democracy"—it will be too late for peace congresses and peace resolutions and for Ehrenburg's eloquent sermons on America's "bestiality" and on Russia's "nobility." When that day comes, Mr. Simonov, the chances are that I shall not be around to send a cable reminding you that I told you so. Nor will you be around to receive it.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 403

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 403 will be found in the next issue.

MLKNMOL PO BFL LXFN

NA E SNOB CPMBGL.

—DGSTLM SHBBNW.

Answer to Crypt No. 402

Nothing is really work unless you would rather be doing something else.

—SIR JAMES BARRY.

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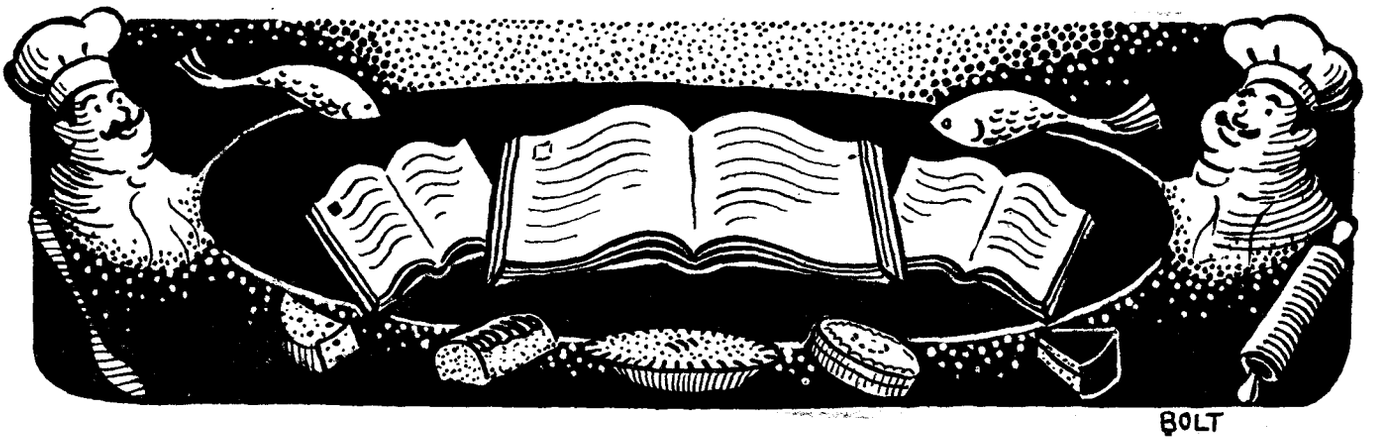

Gustatory Stimuli for Gastronomes

LAWTON MACKALL

THE EARLIEST gastronomic author to get into print, Bartholomaeus Platino, pre-empted the best title: "De Honesta Voluptate"—"Of Honorable Voluptuousness." Unfortunately for the rusty state of my Latin, the ninety-three leaves of close-set text, beautiful as when they came off the press in 1480 at Civedale in the Venetian province of Udine, are studded with cryptic abbreviations of the sort that were resorted to in those days. Erudite gourmet J. D. Massolatti, who let me handle the only copy of this rare book I ever saw, was equally baffled. (Even Italian is foreign to him, he being of old Virginia stock.) But we played upon the curiosity of a professor of classical languages, inveigling him into joining us for an elucidation session—with preliminaries suitable to the occasion. I mention these preliminaries because I doubt that gastronomy can be adequately dealt with in the abstract. Thus conditioned for research we repaired to our host's private sanctum in the lower depths of one of New York's tallest buildings and there learned what old Bartholomaeus had to say about honorable voluptuousness.

He is an arrant lifter from all the latest books on his subject. He has even purloined Mrs. M. F. K. Fisher's wolf, telling specifically how to cook it instead of putting it to figurative use as she does so archly, ringing one change after another on the fear-and-lure theme. No wonder his book has never been reprinted, whereas her "How to Cook a Wolf" is out in a new edition (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3), with special preface and marginal comments which are as delightful, as adroitly seasoned as the dishes and drinks she weaves into her beguilements. At the risk of stating the obvious let me say that this sensitive stylist's discursive disquisitions in book after book and her translation of Brillat-Savarin, which I have lately reread with cumulative admiration, are gastronomy's best luck in our language, despite the fact that food and drink are to Mrs. Fisher but components of the good life.

Another recent book that seems to qualify as belles lettres of the good life is "Food and Other Frailties" by Romilly Fedden, illustrated by the author (Macmillan. $3). By profession a painter, Mr. Fedden reveals an apt hand at word-sketches, casual yet possessing the quality of vivid vignettes—landscapes, inns, and innkeepers encountered on his rovings in France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other countries. Everywhere he is the gourmet gathering lore and palate impressions, which he shares in true bonhomie with his reader companion.

"In Munich many years ago," he tells us, "the venison in the market was in prodigious abundance and cheaper than beef or mutton. Great deer thrown down on green branches made a tawny contrast to the white snow." This is typical of the good bits scattered through his pages along with recipes, notes on French oyster-growing, on cheeses, game, and wines. By an odd inadvertence he assigns Cheval Blanc to the Graves district instead of to its rightful St. Emilion. But we can forgive so slight a slip on the part of an author who so well expresses the philosophy of the table—as, for example, when repressing an impulse to say that melon and *prosciutto* are a combination of flavors to be ecstatic about he observes: "People are ecstatic about so much in these days, about speed, and machines, and the new paces of the hurrying world. The gourmet, as the devotee of an ancient cult, can rarely ignore the passing fashion and find time to temper ecstasy with reflection."

A NOTABLE achievement in adapting traditional Gallic cookery to American use is "Good Food from France," by the late Henri P. Pelleprat (M. Barrows & Co., New York. $3), translated by Charlotte Turgeon, who has changed metric weights and measures into their equivalents *chez nous*. M. Pelleprat, a chef with wide expe-

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rience and thirty years a teacher at the Cordon Bleu Cooking School in Paris, was peculiarly well qualified for this undertaking. His explanations and instructions are lucid and precise. He has simplified the making of the basic French sauces to a point where the veriest tyro need not get flustered, and with these mastered will be ripe for bolder endeavors. But even dishes which might seem novel to him are old favorites to the French; the recipes, however, are Pelleprat versions. For instance, the beef *en daube* (home-style stew) contains tomato paste. Generally speaking any deviations are in the direction of simplicity with the least possible sacrifice of savor. I am surprised that a book so competent should term American wines "domestic." In California, New York's Finger Lake region, and the isles of Lake Erie that is a fighting word.

"Cook It the French Way," by Barbara Wilcox and Paul Vigoreux (Roy Publishers. $2), which could be slipped into one's overcoat pocket, is engagingly and sometimes amusingly British in tone despite the fact that its recipes are of French origin, most of them from restaurateurs with whom the authors are acquainted. As a test I tried out the carrots *à la flamande* and found them delicious, but I'd never make hollandaise sauce the way this book does—merely melted butter with salt added. Nor would I ever again make French toast (*pains perdus*) if it called itself nursery fritters.

Invention joins tradition in "The Perfect Hostess Cook Book," by Mildred A. Knopf (Knopf. $3.50), which totals more than five hundred typographically felicitous pages where every offering teases. This is the sort of volume one reads with one's taste buds until it hoists one out of one's chair kitchenward. Here are Boothbay broth, combining the flavors of chicken and clams, choldnik soup, involving beets, veal, shrimp, cucumber, seasonings, and sour cream, Senegalese soup from the "21" Club, crab pie, broiled squab in brandy, broiled steak with Roquefort cheese, hominy, tomato and cheese soufflé, strawberries curaçao. Each set of directions is divided into stages, sometimes with a warning tacked on in regard to pitfalls. This is no book to be marooned with on a desert island.

SOUR cream, which I grew up rebelling at and later learned to revel in, has since 1947 boasted a book of its own—"Sour Cream Cookery," by Barbara Brown (M. Barrows. $2.50), recently revised. By adopting its relatives—sour milk, buttermilk, and

Delilah of Dietetics

THE AUTHOR: Were she as candid as she pretends to be in "The Gastronomical Me" Mary Frances Kennedy Fisher would admit that she is an enchantress, employing her subtle, enthralling style to lead her reader he knows not whither—in the name of food and drink. She does concede that all forms of hunger are intertwined, which makes it difficult to isolate nutritional from emotional. Circumventing this snarl she has produced books of marked originality which have the unmistakable quality of literature. Those in print are:

"How to Cook a Wolf" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $3). Her scintillant answer to food scarcities and kitchen defeatism, including personal appearance of cook.

"Consider the Oyster" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2). Paean to the oyster's prolific private life as cultivated here and abroad, with breeds and recipes.

"The Gastronomical Me" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $2.50). Spirited autobiography with superb chapters on housekeeping in Dijon and Switzerland.

"Here Let Us Feast" (Viking. $3.75). Symposium of sumptious and simple symposia down the ages, gathered by Mrs. Fisher, with her own commentary.

"Physiology of Taste," by Jean Anthelme (Brillat-Savarin), translated by Mrs. Fisher, with profuse annotations by her; illustrated by Sylvain and Sauvage (Heritage Press. $5). Monumental task done with finesse.

"An Alphabet for Gourmets" (Viking. $3.). Lures and wiles. (A discreet final paragraph was added to the section on Gibson Cocktail subsequent to publication as essay in *The Atlantic Monthly.* Apparently what would do in racy *Atlantic Monthly* would not do in a book.) —L. M.

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cottage cheese—it contrives to include New England blueberry muffins and Dixie cornmeal waffles and hush-puppies, besides the dishes the title would lead one to expect—borsch, goulashes, paprika chicken, beef Stroganoff, cheese cakes, and chocolate cakes, with such items as cottage cheese omelet, old-style pork cake, Ukrainian cheese, and Serbian eggs as bonuses.

A galaxy of tortes of Vienna, fifty-eight of them no less, is vouchsafed in Alice Sidon's "Continental Dessert Delicacies" (M. Barrows. $2.50) along with chestnut pudding, backlava, Swiss gugelhupf, and eleven soufflés. All these recipes, totaling 200, have been checked by Ruth P. Casa-Emellos, home economist of *The New York Times*, brave lady to take on such an embarrassment of riches.

Publishers A. A. Wyn, Inc., indulged my impatience for a copy of "The Viennese Cook Book," by Irma Rhode, which they are bringing out March 22 at $3. This book gives one the feel of Vienna in its heyday, with its color, its customs, its cafés, and its restaurants, that made the most of veal and pork because beef and lamb were scarce and inferior. The characteristic dishes and drinks here presented, with their nostalgia-stirring names, touch more than one's palate.

To interpret Italy's many and diverse cookeries from Alps to Sicily is a task for a culinary chameleon. Most successful thereat to date is Mme. Ada Boni, editor of the woman's magazine *Preziosa*, whose "Il Talismano," adopted in a quarter of a million homes in Italy, has been adapted for Americans as "The Talisman Italian Cook Book" (Crown. $3), of which a fourth large printing is being gobbled up. Linguist-housewife Mathilde La Rosa did the selecting and translating under the direction of well-known food writer Charlotte Adams. Professor Mario A. Pei contributes an introduction which is a feat of effulgence and a glossary gratifyingly precise. For that matter the whole volume is definitive, to the point of making its reader its chattel.

Enormous informativeness, all of it crisp and engaging, lurks non-magnitudinously in "The Art of Cooking with Herbs and Spices," by Milo Miloradovich (Doubleday. $2.95). Global in scope and organized for handy consultation, it gives us the flavor wealth of the Indies, the home-grown herbs with which our grandmothers made tea, marination formulae, herb honeys, herb vinegars, herbed and spiced wines, preserving, enlivening of ordinary dishes—and so on, for old hands at cooking or new.

Aladdinish tricks with chicken terrapin, sukiyaki, wine lamburgers, and the like are exposed in Florence Bro-

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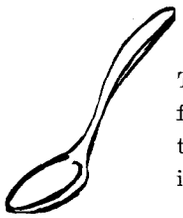

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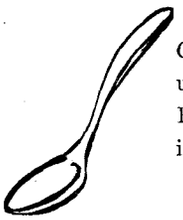

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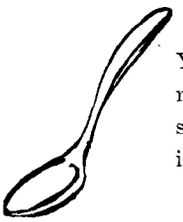

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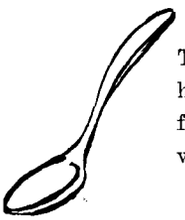

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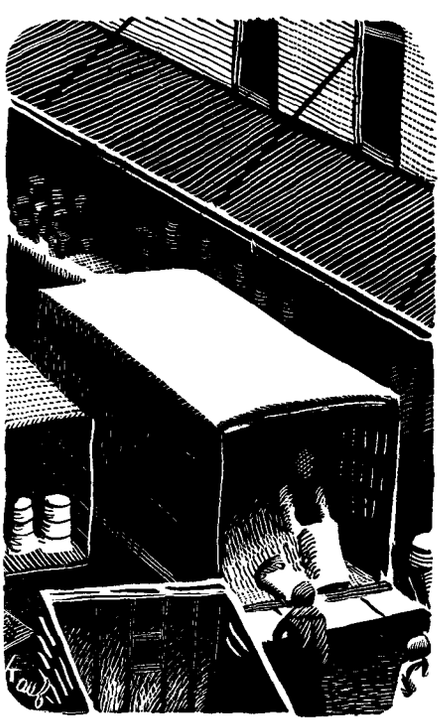
beck's "Chafing-Dish Cookery" (M. Barrows. $3)—second sizable printing. Of major import medically speaking: "The Low Fat, Low Cholesterol Diet" (Doubleday. $3.45), by a team of five dieticians, for persons afflicted with cardiovascular ailments. The variety of permissible foods is quite cheering.

Petrol pilgrims should take with avidity to the "Ford Treasury of Favorite Recipes from Famous Places," compiled by Nancy Kennedy (Simon & Schuster. $1.50). Very attractively gotten up, this small book embraces 263 inns, hotels, pavilions scattered over our national map. Each is accorded a page heading in color, in most instances a painting by an able artist, with a characteristic dish set forth beneath. Gustatory geographer Duncan Hines greets his fleshpot flock with the eleventh edition of his "Adventures in Good Cooking" ($1.75), its only illustrations devoted to the art of carving.

"Good Food from Mexico," by Ruth Watt Mulvey and Luisa Maria Alvarez (M. Barrows. $2.75), regales nutritionists with the information that six grams of chili provide a daily quotient of vitamin A. *Tortillas* and their *taco* and *enchilada* elaborations are duly expounded; so, too, the rôles played by dry and wet soups, the latter the chasers. *Mole*'s fiery mysteries are unriddled; *puchero* (Mexican boiled dinner) delved into. Nor are seafood, bread stuffs, desserts, and confections slighted by these author-cooks.

Lawton Mackall, restaurant editor of Gourmet *magazine and member of New York City's Board of Higher Education, is the author of "Knife and Fork in New York" and other books.*



Seasoned with Glamour

MARGARET A. GRAM

A SHORT decade ago cooking books excited little interest, but with the changing economic pattern and with the present emphasis upon nutrition the annual list of publications has grown to sizable proportions. In response to widening demand these books have become more glamorous in presentation and more reliable in instruction. Out of this current list of excellent cookbooks there are several which demand special mention. The Betty Crocker "Picture Cookbook" will long remain a favorite, as it answers the general need of the homemaker. "The Gourmet Cookbook" reaches the height of superb eating and accordingly will be prized for many years to come. For its choice specialty dishes and delightful personality chitchat "The Presidential Cookbook" should remain popular for this generation. Probably the "Mennonite Community Cookbook" will be acclaimed for its contribution to regional recipes.

A loaf of bread got Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt into the White House, although it took more than that to keep her there. For twelve years she managed the President's household, and whether the Roosevelts dined alone or entertained Congressmen, Cabinet members, Ambassadors, or Kings and Queens Mrs. Nesbitt took charge. The appetizing recipes which pleased the Roosevelts and their guests are now available to all in "The Presidential Cookbook" (Doubleday, $2.75).

The Roosevelts loved good soup. Cream of almond soup was one of Mrs. Roosevelt's favorite dishes, while the President was especially fond of green turtle soup and the famous clam chowder made from his mother's recipe. The President and his Lady were also fond of fish—for the White House table came fish from all parts of the world, packed in ice. There were mock crabs, fancy lobsters, and the salmon Mr. Roosevelt loved most of all. The more exotic foods at the Executive Mansion included buffalo tongue, cariboo, and ptarmigan. These were sent to the President by his numerous admirers who were aware of his taste for game. Salads were also important to the family menu, and the Roosevelts especially liked the old-fashioned kind like German potato salad and the popular tossed greens. Although the most unusual delicacies found in the far-off places of the world were sent to the White House, the simpler foods were usually served. For example, scrambled eggs prepared by Mrs Roosevelt in a chafing dish were a favorite for Sunday evening supper. And of all the variety of desserts available the President invariably preferred apple pie.

Mrs. Nesbitt's book is fascinating not only for telling about the culinary secrets of the White House but for the chatty introductions to each chapter, which relate anecdotes about the Roosevelts and their friends.

"The Gourmet Cookbook" (Gourmet, Inc., New York. $10) is a sophisticated and discriminating cookbook for the person who knows and appreciates fine food. It makes for good reading as well as good eating. Recipes range from the simple unusual things to the extraordinary and include a marvelous collection of recipes culled from the pages of *Gourmet* magazine, which represents the best of good eating of the past few centuries. There are no charts, hints, cautions, tips, or suggestions—just recipes.

Chapter titles are provocative and give a hint of the clever style of the book. These chapters include Song of the Soup Kettle, Salad Ways, Au Fromage, Game for Gourmets, The Egg and the Epicure, Fish Unlimited, and Sweet Talk. Your favorite recipe will probably be there, be it appetizer or dessert, filled mushroom caps or golden-brown blintzes.

The connoisseur will be delighted with this book and will wish to own it as well as give it to a special friend. It makes cookery an art, a symphony in delicacies. The book is beautifully bound, with special color type headings and index and with gorgeous color photography.

"The Spice Sampler," by Edith Barber, former food editor of the *New York Sun* (Sterling Publishing Co., New York. $1), is a delightful little book for the inexperienced person who wants the excitement of blending strange and tangy herbs into delectable and unusual dishes. The book is unique in the sample packages it contains of such enticing items as marjoram, celery seed, poppy seed, caraway seed, and oregano and in the excellent glossary of spices and herbs. The current popularity of growing herbs in one's garden will

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add further zest to spice cookery. Among the especially appealing recipes are the ones for pea soup, lamb with dill, chicken tetrazzini, mustard-broiled mackerel, and Danbury tarts. Also seen is that rare and seldom-found recipe for glogg, the traditional Swedish punch used at Christmas time, although the recipe misleadingly assumes that the size of "bottles" for claret, port, and cognac are known.

Pot-pies and scrapple may be familiar to most of us, but when it comes to knepplies and wiggle glacé the uninitiate will have to walk, not run, to the "Mennonite Community Cookbook" (J. C. Winston Co., Philadelphia. $4.50). Mary Showalter has selected 1,400 typical Mennonite recipes from as far away as Canada, the heavy gamut running from raised bread through main dishes via pickles and relishes on to myriads of desserts. Added delights are marvelous color plates, precious drawings by Naomi Nissley, and a wonderful appendix with all sorts of homely information on food for a barn-raising, how to make soap, and a good remedy for worms on cabbage.

For happy holiday eating read Charlotte Turgeon's "Cooking for Christmas" (Oxford. $2.50). Five complete menus are given for the yuletide celebrations, including a New Year's Eve buffet supper. Hot oyster stuffing makes a good complement to the usual cold turkey and lobster Newburg, and fruit ice served from a handsome silver tureen is the perfect dessert. For open-house parties French chocolate truffles sound tempting. There's a real lift in this book for the hostess with her many entertaining problems. Directions are clear and the surrealistic drawings by the Strimbans are amusing.

"The Art of Serving Food Attractively," by Mary Albert Wenker (Doubleday. $2.45), is a little book for rainy days, when the imagination may need a bit of stimulation. It is not a book for the amateur nor for the professional but rather for the person who is somewhere-in-between. It makes its appeal to those who are familiar with cookery terms and methods and who need no simple directions or illustrations. It is indeed a good dictionary of ideas on how to garnish, arrange, or dress up a dish to make it look as good as it tastes. A special interest is centered in the section on the preparation of interesting trays for the sick. But in view of the demands of today's hostess a notable omission in the book is that of table settings.

If Edith Key Haines set out to create a new excitement in foods through "Wonderful Ways to Cook" (Rinehart.

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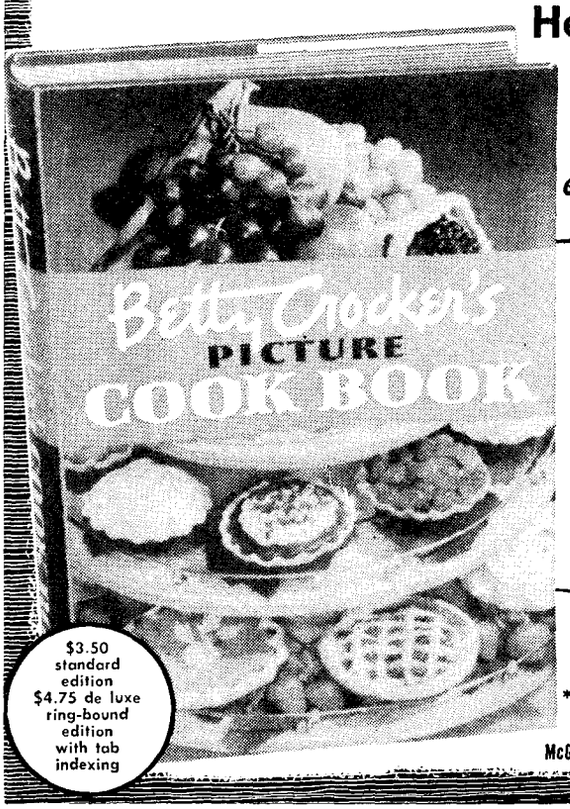

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$3) she has brilliantly succeeded. She makes cooking sound different and even thrilling. Left-overs, called "tag ends," use curry, sauces, and spices to make piquant dishes. Merely a new name may stimulate the appetite —for example, the common creamed salmon becomes "salmon under cover." Canned foods are lifted out of the ordinary and made something special in the section titled The Shelf Presents. Here are included baked compote of figs with brandy to be lighted for that company dinner, curried kidney beans with apples, and fish mousse topped with hollandaise. Sour cream also comes into its own with several recipes such as those involving apple pie and eggplant. A classified listing of subjects such as dishes men like, collegiate appetites, brunch, and children's desserts highlight suggestions. The recipes are good and while many of them sound "fancy" they are not difficult to make.

Ann Williams-Heller's "Busy Woman's Cookbook" (Stephen Daye, New York. $2.95) zips along from nutritional needs to a time index that is novel. Steps in planning, marketing, and preparation are all geared to the busy woman cooking for two. Helpful advice is given by the author, who warns: be choosey but not hesitant, save time but don't get into a frenzy, know what to do and do first things first, plan your meal according to the time you have.

Saving time is the essence of this book and all short cuts are recommended. Recipes calling for rice use the precooked variety; marketing includes packaged and frozen foods; and the pressure cooker is suggested whenever appropriate.

There are several well-planned meals with adequate directions on a timesaving schedule. Many meals are wholly prepared within a time budget of twenty-five minutes. Obviously, roasts and standard baked goods are not included in such recipes. It is obvious, too, that experience and planning and practice are necessary for most women to match time with the author.

"Good Food for Diabetics," by Eleanor Record Sigel (Harper. $2.50), is a breath of hope for the diabetic person, as it suggests widely varied menus within the prescribed diet. Over one hundred and fifty meals including one- and two-vegetable dinners are listed with tasty recipes for soup, meat and fish, vegetables and salads, and diabetic desserts. Mrs. Sigel is herself a diabetic and therefore understands the practical problems.

"The wedding's off."

Up-to-date and ready to use is the new edition of "Quantity Cookery," by Nola Treat and Leonore Richards (Little, Brown. $4.95). Streamlined in its presentation it is excellent in the guides and suggestions for balancing nutrition, cost, customer satisfaction, and distribution of the work load on equipment and employees. This edition is an invaluable aid to the professional food-service manager in restaurants, hotels, industrial feeding units, and hospitals and would likewise be useful to the non-professional who is involved in serving large numbers in clubs and churches.

Since the last war, which created a scarcity of household help, there has been an increasing interest by housewives in cookery which has manifested itself in a steady demand for reliable recipes. Among the large variety of excellent cookbooks published in recent months is an especially good one which may be termed general in character. Betty Crocker's "Picture Cook Book" (General Mills, Minneapolis. $3.95) is quite outstanding, with over 2,000 choice recipes, tested and accurate. The great number of illustrations—even to the measurement of solids and liquids, with charts as to temperatures and weights — insures the beginner success. In addition the book is unusually convenient as it has a spiral binding that allows the pages to lie flat on the table when open and also permits insertion of other material. This is a highly practical cookbook, carefully planned as to recipes, with all the fine details as to performance so essential for the beginner and so satisfying to the experienced homemaker.

All areas are well-covered with the exception of non-flour recipes, which are not quite as comprehensive as in some of the other standard books.

Three books deserve discussion together since they are displayed together at all newsstands—right next to the mystery thrillers.

Fannie Farmer's recipes have survived with an ever-increasing popularity since their first publication in 1896. Miss Farmer will be remembered as the head of the Boston Cooking School. For the past thirty years new editions have been revised by her niece, Wilma Lord Perkins. The paper-backed "Fannie Farmer's Handy Cook Book" (New American Library. 25¢) contains some 1,300 recipes from the latest edition of this famous book, for all types of food and easy to fol-

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low for both beginner and the more experienced.

"The Pocket Cook Book," by Elizabeth Woody and the members of McCall's Food Staff (Pocket Book. 25¢), is also for the general user. Recipes are tested and accurate. There are two unique features: the simplified and practical translation of a nutrition yardstick for good diet and a checklist of penny-stretchers so that the housewife can find the economy dishes she is seeking. In addition there is a superb listing of left-overs recipes with convenient paging.

"Ann Pillsbury's Baking Book" (Pocket Books. 25¢), except for frostings and fillings, is devoted to flour products: crêpe suzettes, cranberry cobbler, pfeffernusse, peppermint creamed top pugs, old time butter sponge cake, chicken shortcake, deep-dish apple pie, cinnamon coffee ring, caramel pecan rolls, homemade white bread, candied orange bread, spoon bread, popovers, and all our other favorites. The $50,000-contest recipe for no-knead water rising rolls is also included. In cakebaking you may take your choice of the standard method or the comparatively new one-bowl method. These recipes can also be found in the enlarged hard-cover edition published by A. S. Barnes & Co., at $3.95.

Be it puff pastry or old-fashioned wheat cakes your palate craves your answer may be found in Anne Serranne's encyclopedic "Complete Book of Home Baking" (Doubleday. $3.95). Especially praiseworthy are the seldom-found recipes—the Dobos torte, created by that famous Hungarian pastry chef; blinis, wonderful little yeast pancakes good with caviar or sour cream; krapfen, fried cakes sweetened inside with a touch of jelly or baked preserve; dumplings, spooned into a toothsome rhubarb and strawberry mixture and baked lightly in a casserole. There are a few intriguing recipes from foreign lands, such as Swedish krom cakes, Ukranian Easter bread, and panattone di Natale (Italian Christmas Bread). Deserving of mention too is the fine section on corn breads. Basic instructions are good, but recipes are not always consistent in form.

Margaret A. Gram is associate professor of home economics at Queens College, New York City.

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THOUSANDS OF BOOKS on hand. If I haven't got the one you want, I'll find it. DELLA MONTGOMERY, R #6, Box 53-B, South Bend, Ind.

NEW AND SECOND-HAND BOOKS in or out of print. If it's a book we may have it. MENDOZA'S, 15 Ann St., NYC 38. Oldest old book shop in NYC.

DER ROMANFUEHRER, edited by W. Olbrich. Outlines of 900 German novels. Volume 1, A-K. Stuttgart, 1950. 400 pages. Cloth, $4.50. Volume 2 in preparation. MARY S. ROSENBERG, Bookseller, Publisher & Importer. 100 West 72 St., NYC 23, Dept. 22.

PERSONALS

CAREER GIRL, urban, fond of life, would correspond with older gentleman. Box 918-E.

INTERNATIONALLY MINDED? Here's complete, accurate information you're looking for. Timely FOREIGN POLICY BULLETINS. $4 year. Scholarly FOREIGN POLICY REPORTS $5 a year. Graphic HEADLINE SERIES $2 year. Special membership rates. FOREIGN POLICY ASSOCIATION, Dept. R, 22 East 38 St., NYC.

WANTED: OLD FOOTBALL, baseball programs. Klingensmith, Merion Sta., Penna.

PROFESSIONAL WOMAN desires furnished room, shower. Manhattan. References. Box 35-G.

(Continued on Page 50)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from Page 49)

PLAYWRITING AWARDS . . . drama, comedy, one-acts; dead-line March 25. DRAMATISTS' ALLIANCE, Stanford University, Calif.

TRAVELER, do you want a companion? I am a bachelor, aged 45 years, pleasant personality, strictly confidential. Box 783-E.

M.A.L.S. male, junior college experience, seeks library position for summer. Box 946-E.

TO FOSTER GOOD WILL. Free instruction course by mail in the Catholic Religion. No obligation. Address: CATHOLIC INFORMATION SOCIETY, Dept. S, 214 West 31 St., NYC.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE, University of Colorado, Boulder, Colo. July 23-August 10, 1951. Write for information.

TRAVEL RIGHT: Europe and America. Complete program of 1951 tours now ready. ARNOLD TOURS, 236A Clarendon St., Boston 16, Mass.

MATURE GENTLEMAN, aesthetic, cultured, desires correspondence with interesting, cultivated individual. Box 702-E.

1 PENNY COVERS MANY. Send penny postcard for 1 Package Tour Folder covering Boston, New York, or Washington. FREEDOM TOURS, 236A Clarendon, Boston, Mass.

GOING TO NYC? Live at one of NYC's truly great hotels. Live in luxury at budget prices . . . your choice of 7, 3-day all expense week-ends from $10.43 per person, includes large twin-bedded room with private bath, breakfast in bed or in famed Palm Garden, also night club and other entertainment or sightseeing tours. Write for booklet AE, HOTEL VANDERBILT, Park Ave. at 34 St., NYC.

IDEAS IN BOSWELL'S JOURNAL, 1762-63, are developed formally in his essays THE HYPOCHONDRIACK, 1777-83 (2 volumes, Margery Bailey, Editor) distributed by Stanford University Press, Stanford, Calif. $7.50.

DOES WOMAN (or couple) need woman companion, tutor, driver? Interested to be real help. Box 861-E.

SOUTH CAROLINA—Furnished cottage for rent on country estate. Quiet surroundings. Box 985-E.

BUSINESSMAN, young, diversified interests, would correspond with intelligent charming woman. Box 987-E.

WHAT IS GOOD NATURE WRITING? Enjoy the revaluations of naturalists and their works in Snowy Egret. A few current copies at 25¢; 4 issues $1. H. Olsen, Perkinston, Mass.

"HOW CAN I FIND OUT?" You can! Information discreetly developed. Any matter, person, problem, anywhere. Worldwide. Officially licensed, bonded service. Established 1922. Reasonable. Confidential. WILLIAM HERMAN, 170 Broadway, NYC.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D.C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

WHY THINGS HAPPEN! "The Divine Providence" by Emanuel Swedenborg, gives convincing assurance of the existence of a benevolent purpose in all occurrences of life. 640 pages, pocket edition, 25¢ postpaid. THE SWEDENBORG FOUNDATION, Section 3A, 51 East 42 St., NYC 17.

SHALL PURCHASE personal stories for book from present or ex-millionaires (billionaires accepted). Discretion assured. Box 55-G.

IF YOU HAVE FUNDS or securities under frustration in United Kingdom or Argentina, I will accept them for my California lands. C. H. Collier, 2068 Allston Way, Berkeley, Calif.

GENTLEMAN, affable, interested in things cultural but expert in none, invites correspondence from amiable, sincere lady. Box 866-E.

MALE, likes out-doors, arts, invites correspondence from like-minded young lady. Box 882-E.

WILL SEND YOU my bookplate in exchange for yours. Box 883-E.

MALE ICONOCLAST would consider corresponding with females. Box 885-E.

EX-SAILOR will answer every letter he receives. Box 889-E.

WOULD INTELLIGENT, young business woman with sense of humor WIRESPOND (or correspond) with young attorney? Box 890-E.

MATURE WOMAN will welcome correspondence with refined gentleman. Box 895-E.

LONELY MIDDLE-AGED FEMALE seeks correspondence. Box 896-E.

MATURE WOMAN wishes correspondence with mature, sincere gentleman. Box 897-E.

WANTED: Bored, weary, cynical characters, both sexes. Rediscover bubbling life 'neath full Arizona moon, March 25-April 8. TUCSON FESTIVAL OF ARTS, 80-1 South Stone Ave., Tucson, Ariz.

LADY, vivacious, discriminating, invites cultured older gentleman to discuss music, art, literature. Box 1-G.

BRITISH R.N., 27, wishes travel London to NYC, August. Will look after children or invalid. Box 2-G.

TRAVELING ALONE'S NO FUN, so 50-ish widow wishes to contact companionable, eager sightseer, able to foot own expenses to see the world. Box 3-G.

WARMHEARTED WOMAN? Write wiser, older, young man; hopes replacing disillusion. Box 4-G.

BOSSY BY NATURE and good at it. Ph. D., 36, single. Need $7,000 salary. Box 5-G.

LONESOME LIEUTENANT of wide interests would like to hear from unordinary girl. Box 6-G.

ADVENTUROUS, YOUNG REBEL invites amusing and stimulating letters. Box 7-G.

WRITER, taking 4-week, auto-camping trip, South Carolina coast, desires companion share expenses. Leave NYC about March 15. Reply: Box 10-G.

A SMILING GENTLEMAN desires correspondence from a smiling lady. Box 11-G.

SINCERE YOUNG MAN of many interests, slightly physically handicapped, desires correspondence with slightly physically handicapped girl. Box 13-G.

GENTLEMAN, Canasta fan, Gilbert-Sullivan enthusiast, invites correspondence from people with similar interests. Box 14-G.

CAPABLE YOUNG COLLEGE WOMAN will act as governess, companion, or tutor for party traveling abroad or within U.S. this summer. Box 15-G.

INTELLIGENT YOUNG WOMAN invites correspondence politics, sociology, music, literature, chess. Box 16-G.

FOR SALE: in Thermal Belt, new ranch type house. 3 acres level, 8 acres wooded mountainside. Beautiful views mountains and waterfall. Picturesque river through property. $25,000. Owner: Charles H. Auten, Tyron, N.C.

BUSINESS MANAGER SOUGHT, Summer Dance School, Maine coast. Male preferred, should have educational interest, high principles. Non-profit organization, fascinating summer for right person. Box 19-G.

TEACHER, feminine, liberal, interesting, would exchange correspondence with older, cultured gentleman. Box 20-G.

LADY, charming, sincere, welcomes correspondence from middle-aged man of integrity. Box 21-G.

COLLEGE PHYSICS PROFESSOR desires to write science-for-the-layman type articles for periodicals, pleasure, and profit. Box 22-G.

BUSINESS WOMAN, considering future retirement, enjoys country life, would correspond with gentleman, similar interests. Box 23-G.

BUSINESS GIRL, Italian student, has midtown apartment to share with congenial girl. Box 24-G.

HOTEL ALGONQUIN, 59 West 44 St., NYC 18. Half a block from Fifth Avenue. We are offering week-end rates for Friday, Saturday and Sunday (three nights) single room and bath, $15; double room and bath, $22; sitting room, bedroom and bath, $28. Excellent restaurant. Within walking distance better shops and theatres.

AUJOURD'HUI—TODAY . . . Speak French. 12 lessons—new conversational method. Even Cyrano de Bergerac had to start somewhere! NYC, MUrray Hill 5-4160.

MAN, still young, responsible, seeks position as companion to gentleman. Box 29-G.

WRITER wishes to rent safe, lonely shack in which to work. Box 31-G.

FOR SALE, rent by year: Stone cottage, southern Vermont. Furnished, reasonable. Box 75, Shavertown, N. Y.

YOUNG ENGLISH TEACHER, M.A. desires position as governess or companion for summer trip abroad. Box 36-G.

WILL GIRL amputee correspond with college student studying rehabilitation. Box 37-G.

CLEVELAND READERS: Girl Friday, looking for interesting work, preferably in medicine, education, advertising, newspaper or arts. Box 38-G.

ARTICULATE COMIC MAGAZINE factory factotum, marooned for years on grave yard shift, desires correspondence with congenial old bags. Box 39-G.

LARGE LIGHT 4-room apartment, Columbia, 3 months. Box 42-G.

BREARLEY SENIOR wishes summer job taking care children. Available early June. Box 43-G.

BUSINESS WOMAN, late 40's, desires position companion; house-mother. No cooking. Fond children (over 7). Willing, adaptable. Box 44-G.

WHAT radiant, charming, young lady cares to correspond with a young business executive with such diverse tastes as Switzerland in Springtime, good wine and interesting conversation, languages, college football, night clubs, filet mignon, transatlantic liners, and Constellations, Spanish, music, laughter and humor, and far-away places with strange sounding names. Box 45-G.

CULTURED BUSINESS EXECUTIVE likes dancing, out-doors—Do you? Box 46-G.

COLLEGE ENGLISH TEACHER: Male, 30, married, childen. M.A. Columbia; some doctoral work. Now teaching composition, literature, art. Love teaching but dislike starving. Interested anything ethical and remunerative. Have highest references. Box 47-G.

WRITER, experienced, pamphlet, article, educational, international youth fields, needs job. Box 48-G.

SECRETARY, experienced, literate, seeks responsible position publishing, advertising. Box 49-G.

GRANVILLE, VERMONT near Breadloaf. Charming, modern-equipped, 6-room house. Divine view. Summer rental, $650. Box 50-G.

MALE SECRETARY, 31, capable, intelligent. Prefer architecture, arts, publication, politics. Vicinity Los Angeles. Box 51-G.

WOMAN, mature, charming, liking life, books, fireplaces, conversation, invites correspondence. Box 52-G.

WILL SHARE seaside home with another congenial woman. Box 42-E.

VACATIONS

SUDBURY INN at Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt., provides best in country vacations.

GREEN SHADOWS, Lyme, Conn., quiet informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK, POUGHQUAG, NEW YORK. Peaceful homestead. Adults only. Tempting meals. North Clove 2421.

BERKSHIRES—FRENCH FOOD at its best. Restful. Skiing nearby. SUN-INSIDE, Monterey, Mass.

SHORE DRIVE MANOR, MAGNOLIA, Massachusetts. Sea, country charm, year 'round. "Tradition for Graciousness." Brochure.

ESCAPE . . . PEACE. Writers, artists, professionals will find these at our farm in Catskills. Wonderful food too. LILAC FARM, R.D. 2, Gilboa, N. Y.

LANIER - ON - THE - PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Tranquility, garden, river beach, arts and crafts and gift shop. $50.

PEACH BLOSSOMS announce Spring at PRADE GUEST RANCH, Texas in March. Trails are sunny along the canyon rim. The world's troubles will be far away.

UNIQUE GUEST HOUSE, Tepotzlan, Mexico. Mountains. Restful. Ideal climate. Food tops. $30 weekly includes all meals, drinks, riding, laundry. Folder. Apt 152, Cuernavaca, Mexico.

CROW'S NEST TRIP TO EUROPE, June 20-Sept. 10, 1951. Language teacher and wife, experienced travelers take a group of nine in their own automobile on extensive but leisurely trip through Europe. Details gladly furnished. Donald R. Hart, Jr. Avon Old Farms, Avon, Conn.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC No. 885

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Royal house to which Queen Victoria belonged.

B. To assort good coins from bad, esp. in the Orient.

C. Range of hills in Gloucestershire, Eng.; the highest, Cleeve Cloud, 1031 ft.

D. First name, Russian-born pianist and conductor, son-in-law of Mark Twain (1878-1936).

E. Peak in range of same name, 12,005 feet high, in Wyoming (2 wds.).

F. Small groups, usually of four, into which companies at banquets were formerly divided for better service.

G. Title and heroine of tragedy by Euripides (from Gr. myth.).

H. American actor, best known for his "Sherlock Holmes" (1855-1937).

I. River in Europe, where Russian, British and U.S. armies met at Torgau in World War II, April 27, 1945.

J. Makes resistance.

K. Exclamation of impatient reprobation or contempt.

L. A number of sheets of paper fastened together, as for a notebook (German).

M. Fish of the order Apodes.

WORDS

20 106 180 24 83 2 103

164 158 79 50 18 76

23 151 9 88 86 183 96 39 70

75 144 80 53 127

40 179 33 68 173 138 13 101 56 146 160

60 174 29 98 105 44

99 177 7 59 37 114 43 30

26 72 166 92 116 34 19 61

171 117 63 113

27 122 95 84 156 22

157 184 85 137

135 128 175 152

131 141 110 14

DEFINITIONS

N. A small trinket of elegant workmanship.

O. Opposed to "collateral", as of ancestry or descendants.

P. Not capable (var. sp.).

Q. She made trouble at the marriage of Thetis and Peleus (Gr. myth.).

R. A kind of cord made from the bark of the candlenut tree (Hawaiian).

S. The wife of Baldur (Teut. myth.).

T. To get rid of (3 wds.).

U. Blindness (med.).

V. Peak in Calif., site of Lick Observatory.

W. American poet in controversy today (1885- ; first and last names).

X. English physician, and missionary to Newfoundland and Labrador (1865-1940).

Y. Coins or fabricates anew.

Z. Subject of a recently declared dogma by the Catholic Church (with "The").

Z¹. American ground warbler, genus *Geothlypis*.

WORDS

121 36 186 77 147

108 41 169 64 154 55

176 93 12 1 153 181 145 134 49 100 16

81 65 8 185

90 159 47

32 161 69 150 142

67 111 38 6 132 109 52 168 189 125

124 162 165 115 3 102 188 163 139

35 172 140 10 4 45 94 25

28 11 58 167 71 5 187 42 149

178 133 66 51 130 87 91 54

46 74 104 155 143 120 112

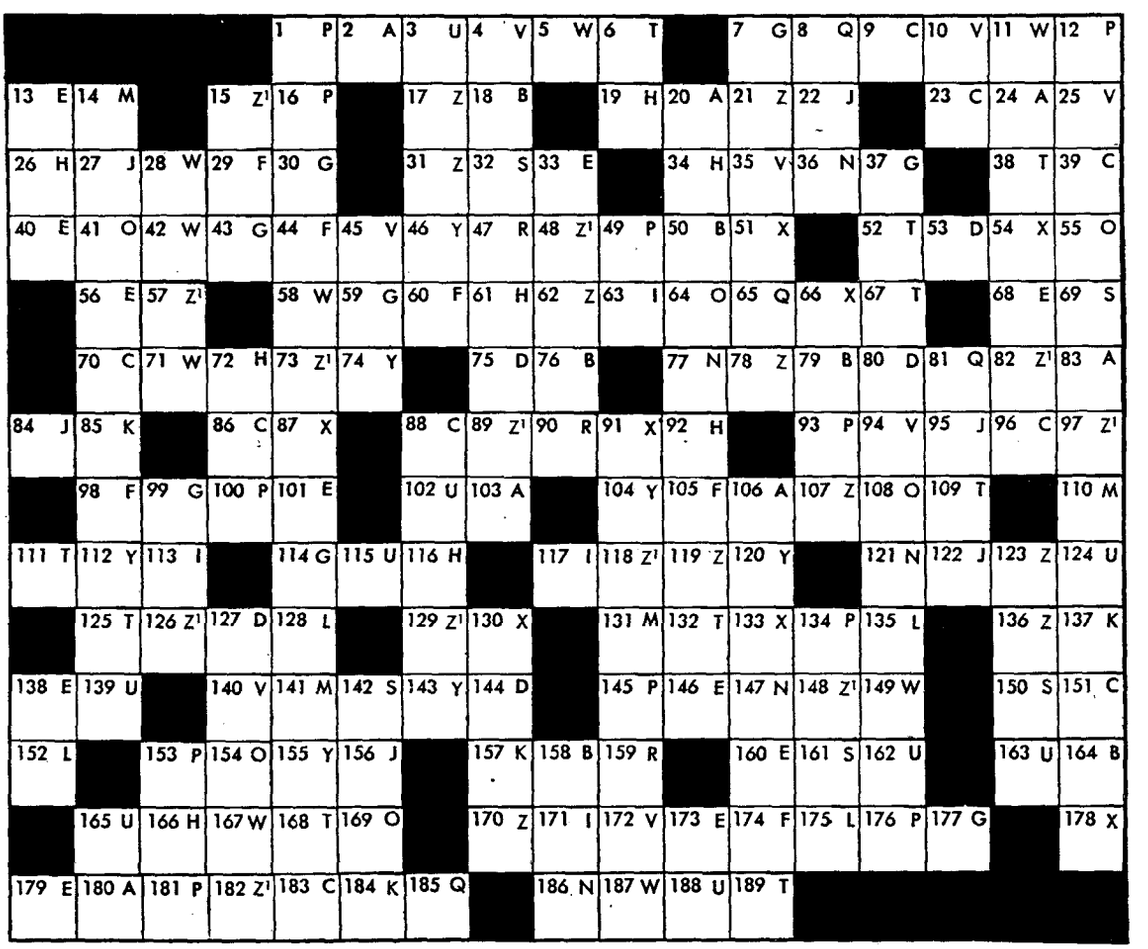
31 123 119 78 62 170 136 21 17 107

97 57 82 148 126 15 48 89 182 129 118 73

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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Literary critics in a nation-wide poll selected the six outstanding American books of 1950 ...ALL were Book-of-the-Month Club choices*

**Four were regular monthly selections, and two were alternate selections.*

THE WALL
by John Hersey
The March Selection
Price (to members only) $3.60

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON
by Marchette Chute
Half of Double-Selection for April. *$4.50*

COLLECTED STORIES OF WILLIAM FAULKNER
Alternate Selection in September
Price (to members only) $3.75

THE AMERICAN MIND
by Henry Steele Commager
A Special Members' Edition in June. *$5.00*

THE DISENCHANTED
by Budd Schulberg
The November Selection *$3.50*

JOHN ADAMS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
by Catherine Drinker Bowen
The July Selection
Price (to members only) $3.85

THAT LIVELY book-radio program, THE AUTHOR MEETS THE CRITICS, presided over by John K. M. McCaffrey, recently invited the nation's foremost literary critics—nearly 100 individuals—to designate the best books they had read in 1950. The occasion was the always significant Annual Awards made by the program.

From the thousands of books published, *The Wall,* by John Hersey, emerged with the greatest vote among novels, and *Shakespeare of London,* by Marchette Chute, with the highest vote among non-fiction books. Each of the other four books shown here received second or third Award in its category.

The total vote, as indicated, was a striking confirmation of the good judgment exercised by the Book-of-the-Month Club Editorial Board.

A few months ago the *Saturday Review of Literature*—in a nation-wide poll—asked its readers to list the books, new or old, which they had read with especial enjoyment. Around 550 different books were named. Of the topmost fifteen, in the order of popularity, *twelve* were Book-of-the-Month Club choices—*and every one of the first five was a Club choice.*

These two surveys demonstrate how well the Book-of-the-Month Club is fulfilling the primary function it was invented to perform: *to keep its members from missing the best new books* as they are published.

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation, as a member, *is to buy four selections a year.* In addition to the monthly selections, the Club makes available Special Editions of widely-discussed books; *a total of at least 75 books a year.* From these you may buy as few as four.

WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You simply pay the special members' price for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the regular retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you indicate you want. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDENDS . . . WHAT THEY ARE: After your first purchase, with every second book you buy—from among the Club selections and Special Editions—you receive a Book-Dividend. This profit-sharing system is similar to what happens in consumer co-operatives. *An average of two million dollars' worth of free books (retail value), during every two-month period, is now distributed among members.*

GOOD SENSE: When the new books you want to read are Club selections, *why not buy them from the Club?* You will usually pay less for them, will share in the Club's Book-Dividends, and will actually get and read the new books, which you are anxious not to miss, but which you frequently do fail to read through oversight or procrastination.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A253
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

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AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

_____
(Choose one of the Award Winners shown above)

Name .....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address .....

City ..... Postal Zone No. (if any) ..... *State* .....

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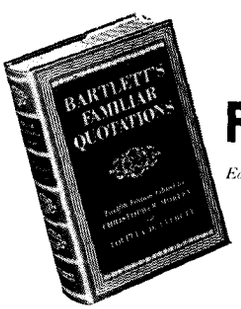
†*Trade-Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada*

Begin your membership **WITH ANY OF THESE AWARD BOOKS... AND YOU WILL RECEIVE** *Free*



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